



The

TATLER

& BYSTANDER

ANGLO-FRENCH NUMBER

APRIL 17, 1957

TWO SHILLINGS



LADY JEBB



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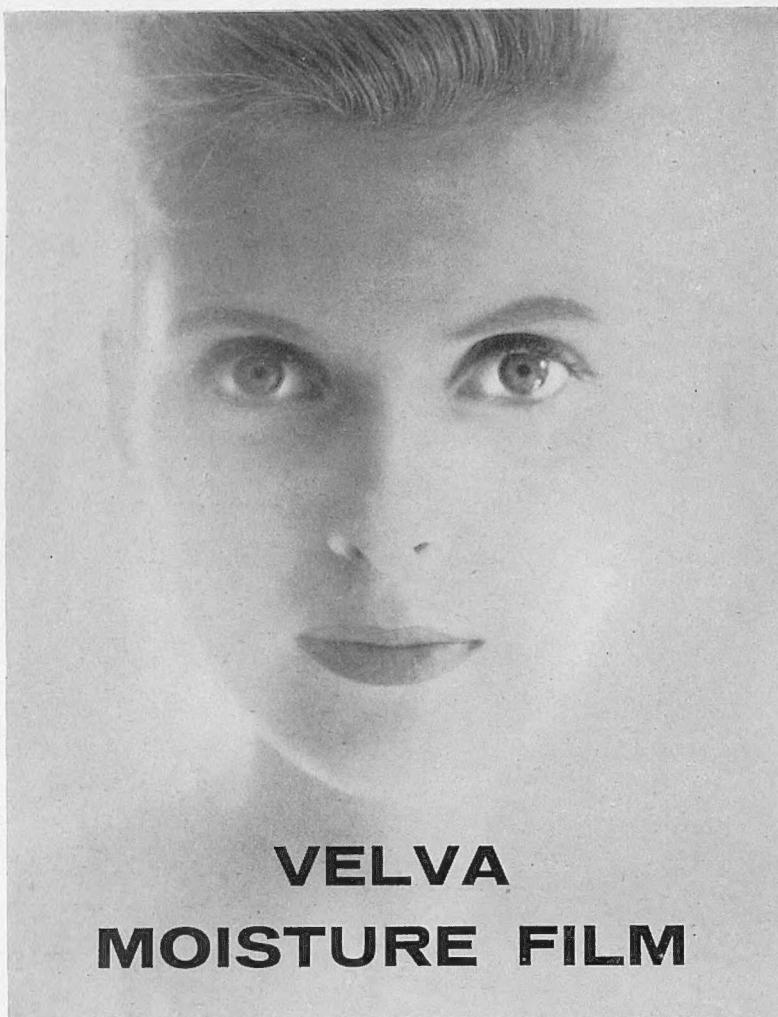
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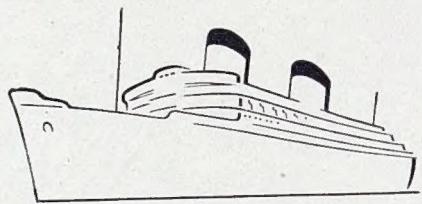


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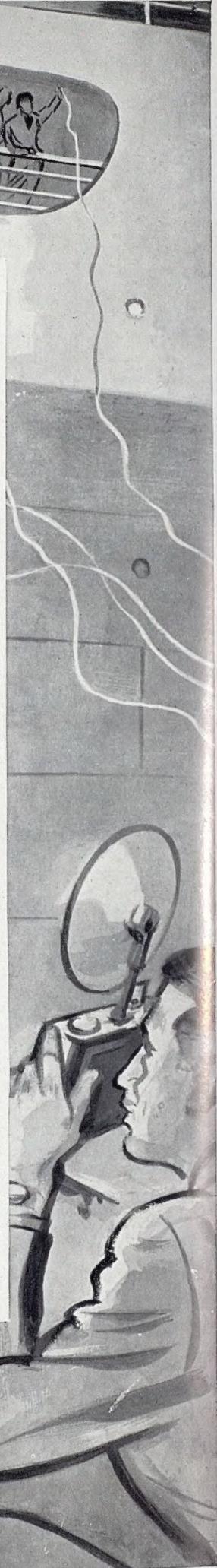
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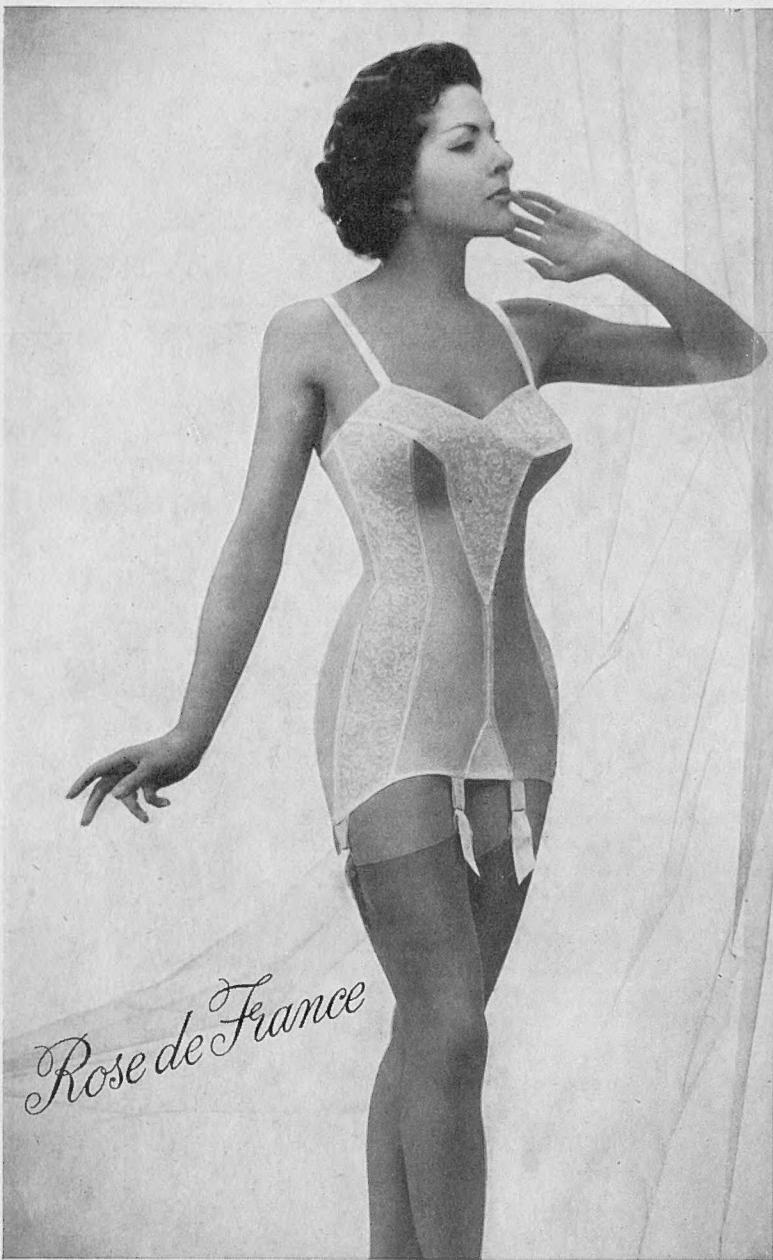
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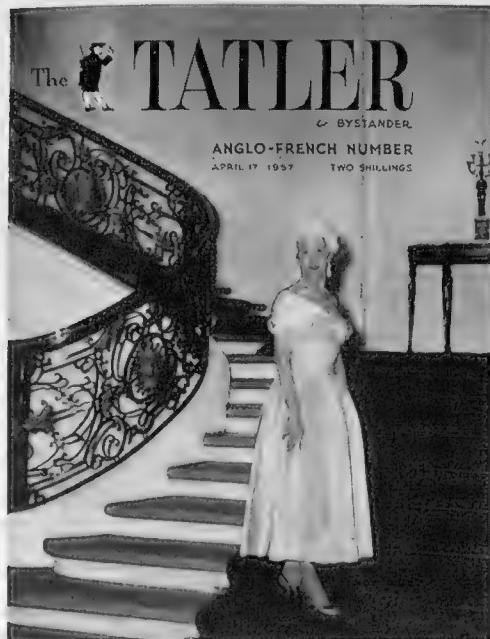
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LADY JEBB, wife of the British Ambassador to France, is seen in the British Embassy, where she and her husband do much to further Anglo-French friendship. Sir Gladwyn Jebb, G.C.M.G., C.B., represented the United Kingdom at the U.N. from 1950 until he became Ambassador in 1954. Lady Jebb is the sister of Sir Humphrey Noble, Bt. The Jebbs have a son, Miles, and two daughters, Vanessa and Stella. In England they live at Bramfield Hall, Suffolk. Cover photograph taken in Paris by Desmond O'Neill

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POSTAGE: Inland 3d. Canada 1½d. Foreign 3½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From April 17 to April 24

- Apr. 17 (Wed.)** Ponies of Britain Club Spring Stallion and Colt Show and sale of ponies, Royal Ascot racecourse, Berks.
Steeplechasing at Cheltenham and Perth.
- Apr. 18 (Thurs.)** The Queen will distribute Maundy Money at the Royal Maundy Ceremony, St. Albans Cathedral, Herts.
North of England Hard Court Tennis Championship (to 23rd), Southport, Lancs.
Steeplechasing at Cheltenham, Perth and Southwell.
- Apr. 19 (Fri.)** Good Friday. Annual Exhibition of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture (to August 4), Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh.
Squash Rackets: Scottish Open Championship (to 22nd), Edinburgh.
Fencing: International Tournament (to 22nd), Leamington Spa, Warwickshire.
Motor Sport: International Circuit of Ireland Rally (to 23rd).
Music: Handel's *Messiah* at the Royal Albert Hall, beginning at 2.30 p.m.
- Apr. 20 (Sat.)** Festival Pleasure Gardens open (to October 27).
Association Football: Scottish Cup Final, Hampden Park, Glasgow.
New Forest Stallion Show, Brockenhurst, Hants.
Point to points: South Oxfordshire Hunt at Crowell, near Chinnor; Cambridgeshire Hunt at Hemingford Abbots, Hunts; Portman Hunt at Badbury Rings, Shapwick, Blandford Forum; Wylde Valley Hunt at Larkhill.
Flat racing at Stockton, Warwick and Kempton Park; steeplechasing at Southwell, Carlisle, Manchester, Newton Abbot, Plumpton and Towcester.
- Apr. 21 (Sun.)** Easter Day. Birthday of H.M. the Queen.
- Apr. 22 (Mon.)** B.A.R.C. International Race Meeting at Goodwood.
- Point to points: North Cotswold Hunt at Spring Hill, near Broadway; Old Berkshire Hunt at Lockinge, near Wantage; Essex Farmers' Hunt at Beeleigh, Maldon, Essex; Vine Hunt at Hackwood Park, Basingstoke; Cowdray Hunt at Cowdray Park.
Irish Grand National at Faireyhouse.
Flat racing at Kempton Park, Newcastle and Birmingham; steeplechasing at Carlisle, Manchester, Newton Abbot, Plumpton, Towcester, Hereford, Huntingdon, Market Rasen, West Norfolk Hunt Meeting, Wincanton, Chepstow, Uttoxeter and Wetherby.
- Apr. 23 (Tue.)** Cambridge Easter Term begins.
Belvoir Hunter Trials, Leicestershire.
Shakespeare Birthday Celebrations at Stratford-upon-Avon.
Model Railway Exhibition (to 27th), Central Hall, Westminster.
Dance: Mrs. Fitzgerald-Lombard and Mrs. Kenneth Pope for Miss Wendy Fitzgerald-Lombard and Miss Catherine Hope, The Lodge, Lanchester.
Flat racing at Birmingham and Epsom; steeplechasing at Chepstow, Uttoxeter and Wetherby.
- Apr. 24 (Wed.)** Ayrshire Agricultural Show (2 days) and Ayr Champion Dog Show (2 days), Ayr racecourse.
Motor Racing: Aintree Evening Meeting.
Golf: Spalding Professional Tournament (to 26th), Moor Park, Herts.
Hunter Trials: Old Surrey and Burstow Pony Club at Godstone, Surrey; East Sussex Pony Club at Catsfield.
Cocktail Dance: Lady Cecil Douglas and Mrs. Robin Gordon for Miss Susan Douglas and Miss Margaret Ann Gordon, at 8 Lennox Gardens.
Flat racing at Epsom (City and Suburban) and Pontefract; steeplechasing at Ludlow.



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co-ordinatin' outfits

(FEATURING THIS SEASON'S YEARLINGS FROM THE WETHERALL STUDIO STUD). ANOTHER WETHERALL WINNER TODAY IN THE SEARCH FOR PERMANENT COLLECTION CLASSICS OF TOMORROW.

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Aubrey Hart

French debutantes who met the Queen

AMONG the debutantes at the Queen's first Presentation Party were six young French girls. Later a small dinner party was given at the French Embassy by Mme. Chauvel, here with her guests Mmes. Anne Marie Deschotd,

Magdeleine de Baudry d'Asson, Emmeleine de Waldner, Marie des Vergas de Condé, Christine de Pardieu, Mme. Rene Massigli wife of the former French Ambassador to Great Britain and her daughter Mlle. Jacqueline Massigli

THE ANGLO-FRENCH BALL WAS HELD IN PARK LANE

MADAME CHAUVEL, wife of the French Ambassador, the Marquise du Parc-Locmaria, wife of the Belgian Ambassador, Mme. Daeniker, wife of the Swiss Minister, and Lord Harvey of Tasburgh, our former Ambassador in Paris, received the guests, who numbered nearly one thousand, at the Anglo-French Ball at the Dorchester. Mme. Jacques Tiné was the chairman of the ball, organized in aid of the French Hospital and Dispensary in London which does not come under the National Health Scheme and is entirely self-supporting, giving free medical assistance to its patients.

The ball was an extremely glamorous affair, many of the women wearing gorgeous dresses and lovely jewels and the men wearing their orders and decorations.

After a well chosen and beautifully cooked dinner there was a wonderful cabaret. It included Swiss folk singers and dancers, Line Monty and Lucie Dolene in gay and amusing songs, Larry Adler superb on his harmonica, André Dassary the French singer, and famous ballet dancer Mme. Yvette Chauvire, who danced the rôle of the Dying Swan exquisitely. After the cabaret there was the draw for the lucky programme numbers and then for the raffle. This included some truly superb prizes, among which were two return air journeys London-Nice by Air France, single flights to Geneva and Brussels by Swissair and Sabena, and some lovely gold watches, kindly given by Swiss firms through members of the Swiss Legation, who with representatives of the Swiss colony in London had worked extremely hard to help their French and Belgian friends make the ball the brilliant success it was.

Nearly three hundred firms and individuals had contributed to one of the most impressive lists of gifts and donations I have ever seen. During the evening, too, the Oxford University Jazz Club Band gave their very efficient services for half an hour to enable the main band to have a break.

WITH her husband Mme. Chauvel had a big party, as did the Marquise du Parc-Locmaria and Mme. Daeniker. The Austrian Ambassador, Dr. Johannes Schwarzenberg, was in M. and Mme. Jacques Tinés' big party, while the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf were in a party with Col. Claude de Guerre, the French Military Attaché, and Mme. Huré, very elegant in a dress of pale orchid mauve satin. Two other guests with them were the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel. The Luxembourg Ambassador and Mme. Clasen, very good-looking in grey beaded satin, were with Mr. and Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian, the latter wearing some magnificent emeralds with her yellow satin evening dress. They also had with them Mr. Gulbenkian's nephew Mr. Mikael Essayan and his attractive young wife, who wore a lovely ballet length dress of blue satin ribbon and embroidered lace.

At a nearby table Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman—the latter as always superbly dressed, this time in Balmain's cleverly draped white organza with black dots, with a beautiful diamond necklace and tiara—had a big party including Viscount and Viscountess Gwynedd. The Viscountess wore a shaded mauve chiffon dress beautifully draped. Others in this party were Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield (the latter won a motor-bicycle in the raffle), Major Neil and the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key, she in white with an exquisite sapphire and diamond necklace and ear-rings, and Mr. Vane Ivanovic and his lovely wife, who was in another striking dress of black slipper satin, and Brig. Denis Fitzgerald.

The beautiful Marquise de Miramon, who was wearing a gorgeous red organza and tulle dress, had with her husband a big party including the Italian Ambassador Count Zoppi.

Others I saw enjoying this very good ball included Lord and Lady Harvey of Tasburgh and their elder son the Hon. Peter Harvey, Baron de Juniac, Minister Counsellor of the French Embassy, Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted, M. and Mme. Libersart who had a party, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whitwell, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Williams, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Lady Bird, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, and Miss Elizabeth Thierry-Mieg who brought a party of young friends including Mr. Peter Talbot Ponsonby.

—Jennifer



Yvette Chauvire, prima ballerina from the Paris Opera, danced in the cabaret

Lady Harvey with H.E. the French Ambassador, M. Jean Chauvel



General A. Puget, Mme. M. Libersart and Mme. de Bourgues



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
APRIL 17,
1957
135*

*The Duc d'Uzes, Viscountess Kemsley and
the Marquis de Amodio*



*Mr. John Cronin, M.P. for Loughborough,
and Mrs. Cronin*

*Mlle. Vicky Davesne was in conversation
with Comte d'Hebbemont*

*Signor Clemente Boniver
and Miss Ann Cremin*

*Miss Suzanne Bareau and
Lord Lyell*



*Miss Isabel Rufenacht, Miss Elizabeth
Thierry-Mieg and Mr. Alastair Colvin*



*Viscount Gwynedd with
Viscountess Gwynedd*

*Mrs. Arthur Darley, Mr.
and Mrs. Downie Armour*

Van Hallan

THE ECHO LINGERS

"VIVE LA REINE"

PRISCILLA writes of a typically Parisian bus-ride she had after the Royal visitors' departure. Spiced with wit and good humour it indicates the Parisian's intense enjoyment of the Royal occasion. The drawings are by F. W. Capon

THE rear platform of the autobus was crowded. Having loudly announced "Complet" the conductor had twanged the bell and gone inside to collect his fares. As the bus started I ran and jumped while inwardly saying to myself: "You fool!" Someone unhooked the leather-sheathed chain that bars access to a Paris bus when full; a kindly, muscular arm reached down and scooped and I was aboard.

The platform was indeed *complet*. A compact cargo of workaday, Parisian, home-goers. "That was dangerous, madame!" said the owner of the stalwart arm; he spoke roughly but he smiled behind the *caporal* that dangled moistly from his lower lip. . . . "Especially when one is no longer a *gamine*!" remarked a nasal voiced female who was no youngster herself. A stout man pushed against her and gestured for me to move behind him. The tacit idea being that I had better get out of the conductor's way. I thankfully obeyed. A small boy slipped

under my elbow and stood in front of me. Two young working girls compressed their slim bodies into an even smaller space to make room. I apologized. "But it is nothing!" they smilingly chanted in unison.

The conductor emerged from the interior of the bus and glared. Defiantly the schoolboy drew himself up. "Je descend à la prochaine," he announced somewhat aggressively; and "descend at the next stop" he did with a grin for me and, from the pavement, cocking a snook at the conductor. The man muttered. A masculine voice said, with ironic gravity: "Thou canst always complain to the C.G.T., my friend, and go on strike to compensate thy dignity." Hilarity was general. The conductor decided to smile but suggested slyly: "Hé bien and suppose we had gone on strike! What an occasion, *hein*? While THEY were here!"

A shocked hubbub arose clearly indicating that although "*toujours la politesse*" is no longer quite what it may have been in the glorious past, it was to be hoped that *la belle France* still knew how to "make honour" to her friends.

"Only too well!" A glum-visaged individual in an opulent leather coat and flamboyant tie appeared at the entrance of the car and rang for the next stop. Behind the steel-rimmed spectacles his eyes were avid; under the straggling moustache the mouth was thin-lipped and mean. "Yes, comrades," he yapped, "only too well! Here are we in the midst of great financial difficulties, the cost of *le biftek* rises while we spend millions on fireworks and frivolities!"

FOR a moment there was an incredulous silence, then the hubbub deepened with a note of anger and hostility. The bus groaned to a stop and the orator stepped down. No one was waiting to get on, the conductor jerked at his bell. A housewife standing near me rummaged in her "provision net" and a moment later, as we pulled away from the kerb, an egg flew through the air. It was quite a long shot but as the bus dived back into the traffic we saw it smash against the orator's ear.

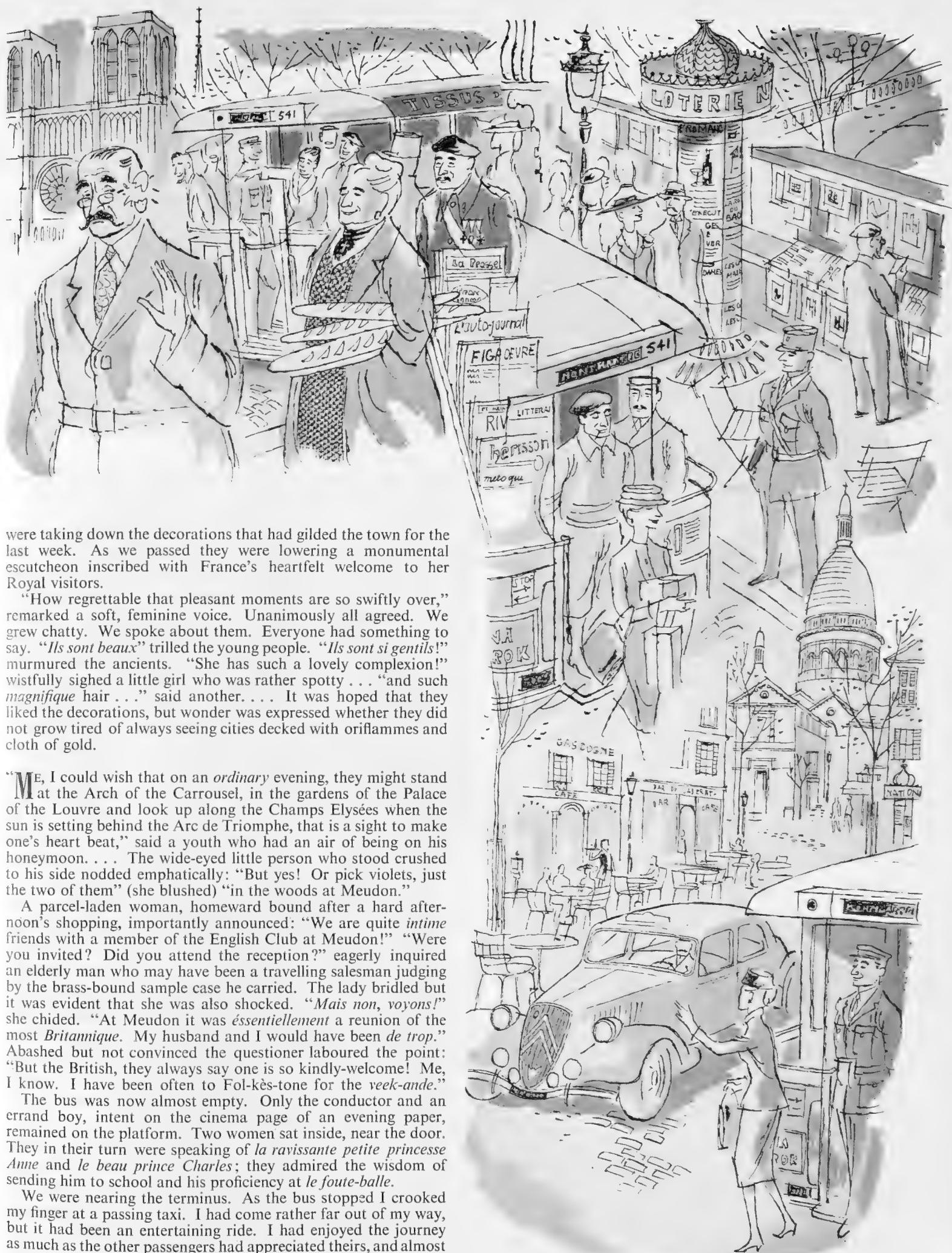
"C'est dommage to waste it!" declared the Amazon drily, "but what is the cost of an egg compared with his *biftek*?"

An immense roar of laughter went up.

"Me, I would rather pay for fireworks than functionaries," declared a comfortably dressed man with a Pan's pipe array of pencils in his breast pocket. "It is all those incompetents—those who obtain advancements by friends who have influence—that ruin our beautiful country!" There was an embarrassed silence. One agreed with the speaker of course but . . . every Parisian is, at heart, a wangler and one felt slightly self-conscious.

The bus veered into the avenue Victor Hugo where workmen





were taking down the decorations that had gilded the town for the last week. As we passed they were lowering a monumental escutcheon inscribed with France's heartfelt welcome to her Royal visitors.

"How regrettable that pleasant moments are so swiftly over," remarked a soft, feminine voice. Unanimously all agreed. We grew chatty. We spoke about them. Everyone had something to say. "*Ils sont beaux*" trilled the young people. "*Ils sont si gentils!*" murmured the ancients. "She has such a lovely complexion!" wistfully sighed a little girl who was rather spotty . . . "and such magnifique hair . . ." said another. . . . It was hoped that they liked the decorations, but wonder was expressed whether they did not grow tired of always seeing cities decked with oriflammes and cloth of gold.

ME, I could wish that on an *ordinary* evening, they might stand at the Arch of the Carrousel, in the gardens of the Palace of the Louvre and look up along the Champs Elysées when the sun is setting behind the Arc de Triomphe, that is a sight to make one's heart beat," said a youth who had an air of being on his honeymoon. . . . The wide-eyed little person who stood crushed to his side nodded emphatically: "But yes! Or pick violets, just the two of them" (she blushed) "in the woods at Meudon."

A parcel-laden woman, homeward bound after a hard afternoon's shopping, importantly announced: "We are quite *intime* friends with a member of the English Club at Meudon!" "Were you invited? Did you attend the reception?" eagerly inquired an elderly man who may have been a travelling salesman judging by the brass-bound sample case he carried. The lady bridled but it was evident that she was also shocked. "*Mais non, voyons!*" she chided. "At Meudon it was *essentiellement* a reunion of the most *Britannique*. My husband and I would have been *de trop*." Abashed but not convinced the questioner laboured the point: "But the British, they always say one is so kindly-welcome! Me, I know. I have been often to Fol-kès-tone for the *week-ande*."

The bus was now almost empty. Only the conductor and an errand boy, intent on the cinema page of an evening paper, remained on the platform. Two women sat inside, near the door. They in their turn were speaking of *la ravissante petite princesse Anne* and *le beau prince Charles*; they admired the wisdom of sending him to school and his proficiency at *le foute-balle*.

We were nearing the terminus. As the bus stopped I crooked my finger at a passing taxi. I had come rather far out of my way, but it had been an entertaining ride. I had enjoyed the journey as much as the other passengers had appreciated theirs, and almost as much as *Tout Paris* had been thrilled by the Royal visit.



*Mr. and Mrs. J.W. B. Scott and their daughter,
Miss Maxine Scott*



*Miss Jennifer Hart-Dyke with Miss Gloria
Kindersley*

COCKTAIL PARTY FOR A 1957 DEBUTANTE

MANY OF THIS SEASON'S debutantes came straight from their presentation at Buckingham Palace to a party given by Mrs. W. W. B. Scott for her daughter Miss Maxine Scott at the Cavalry Club

*Miss Eve Greenwell in conversation with
Miss Dominie Riley-Smith*



*Miss Rosamond Scott and
Miss Jennifer Nelson*

*The Hon. Elizabeth Cecil,
Mr. Nicholas Bolton*



Desmond O'Neill



*Miss Jill Latey, Miss Mary King and Miss
Lavinia Lomer*



A GALA OF COUTURE

PARIS haute couture launched the French Fortnight at the Savoy before an audience amongst whom were the Marquis de Miramon and Lady Salisbury-Jones, seen above



Lady Pamela Berry was enjoying the occasion
in the company of Mr. Norman Hartnell



Miss Lucy Fisher, Mr. F. St. G. Fisher, Mayor
of Kensington, and H.E. M. Chauvel



Dr. Luis Thomen, the Dominican Ambassador,
and Mme. Thomen

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Creed talking to Mlle.
Francine de Fayet



Mme. Hagglof with H.E.
Herr Von Herwarth



Mr. and Mrs. Leon de
Rudder were there



Van Hallan

CHANNEL PASSAGE 1520 AND 1855

FRANCE is no stranger to our monarchs. In the past many Royal visits have been paid, and below we recall two of particular historic interest. The picture on the right shows the visit of Queen Victoria to Paris in 1855



From "The Illustrated London News"

KING HENRY VIII—France has seen many glories since the year 1520, yet few occasions glow so evocatively in the mind as the Field of the Cloth of Gold. In those days conjecture was often the artist's only aid to composition. But the larger-than-life, romantic result suits, to our taste, the era it represents. The Field of the Cloth of Gold, however, was an historical fact which the painter did not need to embellish. Henry VIII and Francois Premier met between Guines and Ardres in June of 1520 at the spot now called the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Before the Castle of Guines a palace was constructed for Henry covering 12,000 sq. yd. Both sides were out to impress each other (which they did), and their neighbours, with their wealth and the quantity of their rich trappings and appurtenances.

The decorations of the palace and the chapel were sumptuous in the extreme; ornaments of gold glittered richly everywhere. The size of the forces deployed can be adduced from the 2,200 sheep consumed in a month by Henry's entourage; and the fact that in the field beyond the castle wherein were placed the less distinguished followers 2,800 tents were crowded. After the two monarchs had met at Val Dore mid-way between their respective camps, great feasts, games, tournaments, entertainments, joustings and junketings went on till June the twenty-fourth.

QUEEN VICTORIA—Just over 100 years ago, Queen Victoria with Prince Albert also paid a State visit to France. As on the present occasion Britain's monarch received a tumultuous welcome, though the train arrived a little late at the Strasbourg Station. After the National Anthem, Her Majesty, to quote a contemporary source, "leaning on the arm of the Emperor, trod the soil of the bright capital of France." The cortège set off to the acclamations of "Vive la Reine!" "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive le Prince Albert!"

Those who did not know Paris would have had some difficulty in realizing the splendid aspect of the line of the boulevards, with the bright sunlight pouring down from a sky without a cloud. Decorations extended not only along the Royal route itself (boulevard de Strasbourg, Port St. Denis, boulevards Bonne Nouvelle, Poissonnière, Montmartre, Italiens, Des Capucines, and Madeleine, the rue Royale, Concorde, Champs Elysées, avenue de l'Imperatrice, and the Bois to St. Cloud) but up all the side streets. These were flag-decked and hung with evergreens. The rue de la Paix was brilliantly ornamented. The streets swarmed with people: 800,000 was the Prefect's estimation, and it took 100,000 troops to handle such numbers of high-spirited Anglophiles intent on displaying their regard for the Queen.



The embarkation of Henry VIII at Dover, after Volpe (Hampton Court), for the Field of the Cloth of Gold meeting with Francois Premier near Ardres



THE HOSTESSES OF PARIS

PHOTOGRAPHED in their Paris homes, we show five hostesses. Above: The Marquise de Crussol and her husband, a cousin of the Duc d'Uzes, Premier Duke of France, live in the boulevard de Lannes. Their wedding in 1955 took place at the Provencal castle of the Duc, and was one of the brilliant social events in France that year

Photographs by F. J. Goodman



MARQUISE DE CASTELLANE-ESPARRON and her husband live in the avenue Foch and at their country seat, the Chateau de Fleurigny. The Marquis is descended from one of the greatest families of Provence, dating from c.1000



MILLE. MARIE-LOUISE DE MONTEBELLO is the daughter of the Duc de Montebello and a direct descendant of Marechal Lannes, Napoleon's famous field-marshall, who became the first Duke of Montebello, his wife being lady-in-waiting to the Empress Marie-Louise. Her uncle is the present Due de Luynes

MILLE. FLAMMA DE COURSEULLES is the elder daughter of Comte and Comtesse Francois de Courseulles. She will have a large coming-out ball in May at her parents' beautiful apartment in the avenue Foch, and is also coming over to England to attend some of the dances held during the coming London Season





ESSENCE OF PICASSO

THIS striking "Still Life—Antique Head," a forceful expression of Picasso's middle period, painted in 1925, is to be seen at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street, where an exhibition gives a view of French art over the last fifty years

Roundabout

Cyril Ray

IN THE FRANCE OF THE GREAT VINTAGES

JUST before I slipped away from London for a brief spring holiday in the south-west of France, I happened idly to pick up in a country-house library a copy of the enchanting reminiscences of Oscar Browning, of Eton and King's, who was so patently delighted to have known everybody worth knowing throughout the whole of the second half of the nineteenth century.

What turned out to have been apposite was that I chanced upon his recollections of a visit to Sicily in the eighteen-sixties when, he recalled, he went to see in some museum the recently dug-up remains of extinct animals, and among them the shells of oysters that he thought must have been too large for comfortable human consumption. "It seemed to me," he wrote, "a delightful provision of nature that oysters should become eatable by man just as man became capable of eating them."

So greedy am I for oysters, that I cannot imagine them too large for my own consumption—if that can be called human. The biggest oysters I have ever eaten were Dutch ones that I gobbled up in Germany, and needed two bites at each to do it. I should have been happier still if I had had to slice at them like a cheese.

Here in Bordeaux, where I write, and at Arcachon, where I have just lunched—off oysters and a giant *langoustine* and, of course, the appropriate wine of the country, a dry Graves—there are oyster-shops at every corner: cool grottoes of enchantment, piled high with wicker baskets; decorated with seaweed and lemons; and offering their wares in a score of different-shaped shells, at from one to thirty shillings a dozen, I agree with the experts that our own Colchesters and Whitstable and

small Helfords are hard to beat—but I wish we could dredge up some at a penny apiece, as the Bordelais do.

* * *

I HAVE a fondness for towns that do not expect me, so to speak—that go about their own business, which is not primarily to look after tourists, though they may do so incidentally, and very hospitably.

Bordeaux is such a town. From the window of my hotel I can see the ships that will carry the great wines of the district to Bristol and Buenos Aires, Capetown and Copenhagen; and one dines of an evening—given the right introductions—in the calm country châteaux or the elegant eighteenth-century town houses of the wine-growers or wine-brokers ("courtiers of the vine," is the happy term here), wine-shippers or wine-merchants, all of whom live as families should that are said to be of the "aristocracy of the cork."

It is something to drink a royal wine at the château it came from, in the company of the man who grew it: while the Queen drank Château Beychevelle 1929 at Versailles I was drinking it in Château Beychevelle, at its breeder's table.

* * *

THAT was in the Médoc, of course—a district that came off comparatively lightly in last year's catastrophic frost, the worst since 1711, that completely destroyed vineyards no farther away than the other side of Bordeaux. Save only in the valley of the Loire, every wine-grower in Europe shudders at the very syllables "nineteen fifty-six," but the great châteaux

whence come what I have learned to believe the noblest red wines in the world are, at any rate, making a wine of the year.

It was in these parts, by the way, that I was told of the ceremonial planting of oak trees, at an English-owned château, to celebrate the Queen's coronation. One was planted by the owner, one by the British consul, one by the *curé*, and one by the *maire* of the *commune*. The *curé* sprinkled them all with holy water and the *maire* poured, in addition, a glass of old Médoc over his own sapling. The *maire's* oak, today, is the only one to flourish. So the story goes, but it must be admitted that it is the *maire* who tells it.

★ ★ ★

IT is an unspoiled countryside, this. A couple of hundred miles to the east, the bold wines of Burgundy (and none of my praises for the more persuasive nectars of Bordeaux must be regarded as detracting from Burgundy's splendour) are grown on slopes that border the highway from Paris to the Riviera, along which roar the powerful chariots of the rich, so that every village that has given its name to a vintage feels obliged to lure the well-heeled tourist to *ses caves, sa cuisine, son ambiance*.

But the Gironde is just off the tourist track, and the places whose names echo like trumpet calls down the long columns of a wine-list turn out to be endearingly sleepy and forgotten hamlets. Such are Sauternes and Barsac, whose wines are like sunshine turned into liquid silk. St. Emilion (whose own stout red wine, like Pomerol, is "the Burgundy of Bordeaux," but whose macaroons go well with the sweet wines I have mentioned), a town built on every level of a small hill, in the Italian fashion, so that there are always crinkly tiled roofs above you and below, is very little bigger.

MARGAUX, nestling by the historic château that harvests one of the first four growths of the Médoc, proved to be a minute place, in whose "hotel" *grandmère* sat mending socks in the bar, where *grandpère* was reading the paper and chuckling occasionally at the antics of the small child who played and prattled on the floor, what time its mother served drinks to some, coffee with raw smoked ham and *cornichons* to us, for an elevenses; looked after the domestic washing-machine that stood, quite proudly, between the bar and the restaurant; and now and again found a moment to add a few more words to the letter that, with the aid of a dictionary and a steel pen, and a bottle of ink, she was writing at one of the dining-tables.

Here, incidentally, a good meal still offers itself, wine included, at 350 francs—7s.—and a bedroom with running water costs only a couple of shillings more. It would be idle to pretend that France is a cheap country—one eats and drinks too well there for it to be that—but how wedded to *luxe* those English tourists must be who claim that it is prohibitively expensive!

★ ★ ★

I WRITE this column at a café table, across the way from the floodlit Louis-Seize Theatre that the good folk of Bordeaux claim to be the handsomest in Europe.

Last night I assisted, as the French say, at a performance



"Rhumba!"

there. More tuneful operettas exist than Charpentier's *Louise*, and I have heard operetta more prettily sung. (French is a nasal language for singing in, I always think; Italian sounds best, Russian next, and English goes uncommonly well. So, unexpectedly, does German. What could sound prettier than Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as the Merry Widow herself, in her, and the author's, own language? Let me commend Columbia's long-playing set of the complete opera to anyone who loves light music exquisitely sung.)

ALL the same, trite though the production was, it was delightful to see so completely unspoiled an eighteenth-century theatre in the grand manner—France's Age of Enlightenment in stone and paint and gilding and crystal chandeliers—still cherished and attended by the city which in that same century was shipping claret from its riverside, only a few hundred yards away, for English country gentlemen to drink in small country houses or in spas as elegant, and to Edinburgh lawyers, in the handsomely ordered terraces and squares and crescents of the New Town.

The trade was already centuries old, even then, for it was born when the English Plantagenets lorded it over these parts, and it is still flourishing today, two hundred years after the theatre that faces me was opened.

Indeed, I can hear the hooting in the river from ships that are carrying claret to Pall Mall clubs and Soho restaurants, messes on the Plain, and holiday hotels by more northern shores than this. I take another sip from my own glass, and wish every seaborne bottle as receptive a gullet.





At the Theatre

A LIVELY INVALID

ANTHONY COOKMAN takes time off from the London theatre to undertake an examination of the quality of French drama. In his illuminating article he finds much to admire and something to criticize. And he acknowledges the skill of the actors, as Jean-Louis Barrault (above) who acted in London last year, and the actresses among whom Edwige Feuillère (below) is a supreme exponent of both the modern and classical drama. Drawings by Gian Williams



THE theatres of London, Paris and New York are all, according to the anxious doctors in attendance, on their death-beds. It is a great while since they began to die, and every now and then one of the perpetual invalids achieves a surprising rally. The other two capitals then become the dumping ground for its plays. As soon as this happens, there is an alarmed bleat from the scene of the dumping that the native drama is obviously about to draw its last breath.

I am not myself one of the bleaters. This is how the interchange of plays between the three great play-producing countries works, and it seems to me a natural way. The moribund native drama is sooner or later stung by the other invalid's remarkable activity into an activity of its own; and the publics of two capitals get the chance to study the latest reflections of a civilization not their own. Paris at the moment finds itself somewhat bewilderedly in the grip of "problèmes américano-sexuels." We shall ourselves soon be seeing at least two of these plays—*Tea And Sympathy* and *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*. We shall wear a slightly different look of bewilderment, but it will probably do neither Parisians nor Londoners any harm to puzzle a little over the American passion for abnormality among the inarticulate. The truth of course is that the three theatres are really one theatre, and a burst of real dramatic energy anywhere in it is ultimately good for the whole organism.

DESPITE the nervous doctors, I do not believe that the invalids of London, Paris and New York are seriously ill, but it is true nevertheless that the indispositions which afflict them all at times have since the war afflicted the French theatre less often than the others.

The strength of her resurgence has been so real that its influence has reached easily across the Channel and dramatists like Sartre, Anouilh, Salacrou and Montherlant have become familiar London names. And we—or a quite considerable number of us—thought so highly of *Waiting For Godot* that, though Paris showed some reluctance to find a theatre for Mr. Samuel Beckett's later play, *Fin De Partie*, the Royal Court Theatre brought it over for a brief season with a French company.

Paris, no doubt a little disturbed by the implied reflection on its enterprise, has since made preparations for a production of its own. I do not know what it will make of it, but I thought *Fin De Partie* a truly horrible play, far inferior to *Waiting For Godot*, a drama of symbols so grotesque that they seemed to have no relation to human life as most of us know it. Mr. Beckett in my view has here altogether failed to achieve that fusion of personal vision with the ordinary and eternal matter of life which is the mark of a masterpiece.

THAT to a lesser extent has been the weakness of Sartre, but in his case it is a political vision rather than a personal vision which has worked against fusion. It is probable that his finest play from a strictly theatrical point of view remains *Huis-Clos* which so neatly and so poignantly defines Hell as a place where co-existence with other people is inescapable. In England we have much preferred Anouilh to Sartre. We acknowledge that he is a less important thinker, but we find his work more agreeable, rather relishing its tinge of morbidity. Anouilh's ideas have never been remarkable, his themes merely strands picked out somewhat haphazardly from the sheaf of other people's thought, but time and again he has shown himself a master of situation, of witty dialogue and, in fact, a thoroughly clever dramatic craftsman.

English acting seems to suit him better than it suits, say, Montherlant, and it is Montherlant's misfortune that the Jean-Louis Barrault company has never brought him over here. Claudel is an even more difficult writer, a poet whose poetry is impregnated with Catholic religious thought, but Barrault and Edwige Feuillère made a success some years ago of the enigmatic *Partage De Midi*, and Barrault more recently impressed enormously with his spectacular production of Claudel's *Christophe Colomb*. In *Nuits De Islère* this actor did equally good service to Salacrou, whose plays in English hands have never done particularly well. Edwige Feuillière and Jean-Louis Barrault have done as much as any two French players to prove that the English and French theatres are parts of the same theatre. Indeed, by now we have come to regard them as belonging as much to Londoners as to Parisians.

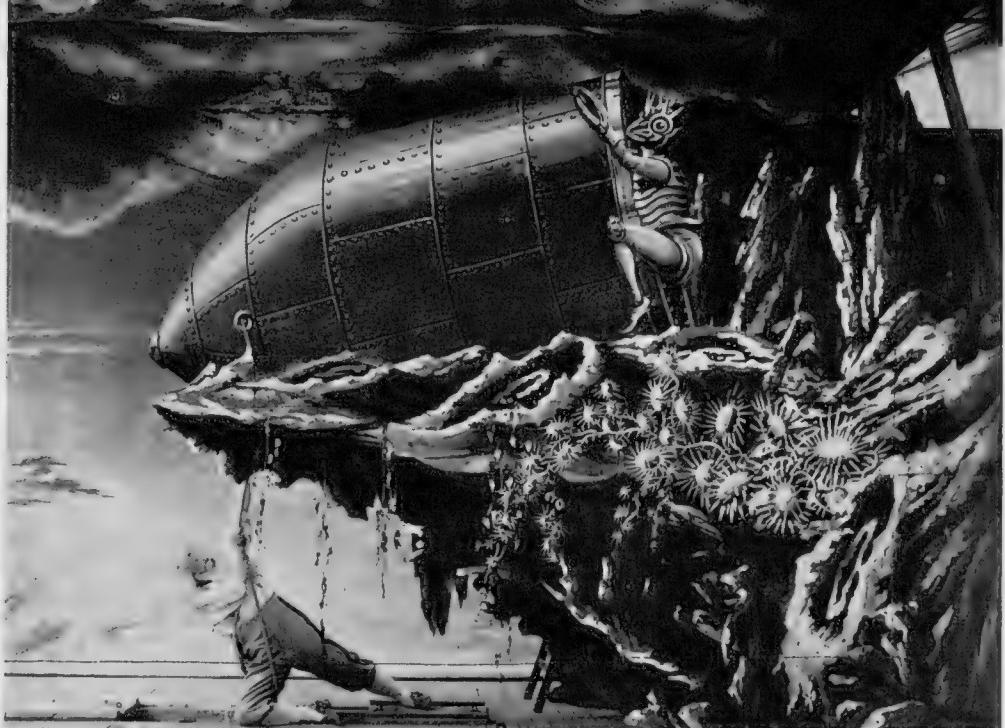


VIVIEN LEIGH AS PARIS WILL SEE HER

MISS VIVIEN LEIGH will revive her famous part of Lavinia in Peter Brook's outstanding production of "Titus Andronicus" which, seen at the Stratford Memorial Theatre in 1955, goes to Paris in May as part of the Paris Festival. As before, the name part will be played by Sir Laurence Olivier, and there will be in the cast other leading members who took part in the original production

IN THE TRADITIONAL LINE OF THE FRENCH CINEMA

FROM its turn-of-the-century pioneers to the latest and youngest star, the French film industry has created a tradition recognized immediately wherever films are shown. Here are some of the links in a chain of great value and significance to the culture of modern Europe



Space film forecast of fifty years ago. A shot from Méliès' engaging fantasy "A Trip To The Moon"



Sophisticated gaiety at the top of its bent marked "La Ronde," whence comes this still of Fernand Gravey and Odette Joyeux



The famous dancer (Martine Carol) with Liszt in Ophuls' "Lola Montes"

Maria Schell was the appealing heroine of the impressive "Gervaise," founded on a Zola novel



The star Nicole Courcel at the recent French Film Festival here



At the Pictures

FRENCH FILMS COME TO THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

Elspeth Grant

WHAT we used to adore about French films was that they were so utterly French in conception, outlook and idiom: what we shudder to detect in them is a tendency to remodel themselves on the American pattern—to be, in fact, false to their own great and splendidly individual tradition.

Nothing in the American way of life remotely resembles anything in the French—and from the earliest days the French approach to the cinema has differed markedly from the American. Away back in 1903, America's Mr. Edwin S. Porter produced *The Great Train Robbery*—the first hold-up drama, forerunner of all the Westerns and the initial link in the long chain of action films, of which the latest is Mr. Nicholas Ray's vivid piece, *The James Brothers*.

Meantime, in France, M. Georges Meliés, already fascinated by the imaginative possibilities of the new medium, had produced *A Trip To The Moon*—a deliciously airy fantasy which was to precede a series of witty little films combining a cunning use of camera tricks with the shrewdest observation of human behaviour. *The Pumpkin Race, circa 1908*, is a charming example: a fruit vendor, pursuing some uncommonly bouncy pumpkins that have rolled off his cart, takes his donkey with him—in case it gets pinched while his back is turned. The mood is gay—the character is a thoroughly cross, suspicious Frenchman.

THE French cinema has by no means lost its exquisite flair for fantasy—as one saw in *The Red Balloon*—nor its superb gift for creating mood and character: this was apparent from M. René Clement's harshly evocative, pungent and red-blooded *Gervaise*, from M. Jean Renoir's rich and riotous *French Can-can*, from M. Marcel Pagnol's *Regain* (recently revived), from the gentle nostalgia of *Autumn Manoeuvres* and the ferocity of *The Wages Of Fear*—all of them films as French as the Tricolour.

But was there any sign of that gift in M. Henri Decoin's *Folies Bergère*—which, with its American star (Mr. Eddie Constantine) and its trite boy-meets-loses-gets-girl plot, resembled nothing so much as a sub-standard, Hollywood backstage musical?

This film, or so one gathers, was made for the British and American market—not for the French. It is a Frenchman's idea of what we want to see—and it is a mistaken idea. What is good enough for French home consumption is good enough for us: the label "goût Américain" does not attract me—and that goes for champagne as well as films.

I ADMIT there is some excuse for Mr. Eddie Constantine's presence in *Lock Up The Spoons*—a comedy so Gallic that the censor has given it an "X" Certificate: Mr. Constantine is the mainstay of an incidental and ravishing skit on the Hollywood Western. But, in general, I prefer to see French players in French films: I am endlessly happy with Fernandel, M. Jean Gabin, Mme. Edwige Feuillère, Mlle. Michel Morgan—and even the unknown, non-professional actors in M. Robert Bresson's remarkable picture, *Un Condamné A Mort Est Échappé*. They are what they are—and do not give a fig for what we might wish them to be.

The American influence on French films can only do harm. It ruined the ending of M. Jules Dassin's otherwise magnificent *Rififi*. M. Dassin had been to Hollywood and knew that according to the Breen Office, crime doesn't pay—therefore his admirable,



One of the world's great drolls, Fernandel, showed a new depth and maturity as the lovable priest in "The Little World of Don Camillo"

intelligent cracksmen, who had planned and executed a burglary with the delicate precision of watchmakers, were forced to degenerate into gangsters and wipe each other out in a long-drawn and unlikely shooting match.

Besides the tendency towards Americanization in French films, there is another—equally deplorable: the tendency to exploit sex for the sake of sex, horror for the sake of horror and violence for the sake of violence.

Sex—and nothing but sex—is so rammed down one's throat in M. Roger Vadim's *And Woman Was Created* that one loses all appetite for it. What a bore Miss Brigitte Bardot becomes, with her insistence upon being raped: how one wishes she would learn to play canasta instead.

M. HENRI-GEORGES CLOUZOT is prime offender in the matter of pointless horror. With *Les Diaboliques*, he leads you up a tortuous and gloomy garden path only to show you something completely impossible but very nasty in the bathroom. When the film was shown to the critics they were earnestly implored not to reveal the shock ending to the impudently preposterous story: M. Clouzot was obviously bent on giving you a heart attack. This could never be the intention of a serious director.

On the score of violence, M. Robert Hossein's *The Wicked Go To Hell* prompted the thought that possibly the director was heading the same way. This unsavoury work contains an execution, a suicide, a beating-up, a torture scene, a number of casual killings and a rape. Since there is positively no point to any of this, it can surely only appeal to the depraved.

The French cinema continues to produce much that we can admire—much to charm, enchant and legitimately harrow us—but if it continues to follow the trends I have indicated, it will lose its greatness. It must remain true to itself—to its highest traditions. Otherwise we shall find, old adages to the contrary, that "plus ça change, plus ce n'est pas la même chose."

FRANCE PUT A GREAT PALACE AT THE QUEEN'S DISPOSAL

The superb early eighteenth-century Palais de l'Elysee, the scene of many great historic events, was the home of the Queen and Prince Philip during their Paris visit

The painting by Dubufe which was above the Queen's place at the great State Banquet

The Civil Porter, M. Fortune Lacroix, who served during the course of the Royal visit



The Chief Usher, M. Toulevant, one of the officials who attended upon Her Majesty



The Salon Murat where the Royal visitors had their first luncheon after their arrival in Paris



In the embowered mirror in the entrance hall the houses opposite are reflected



A delightful view of the beautiful Palais de l'Elysee

The Palais' entrance hall showing the staircase built by Caroline Murat



THIS Palace was built in 1718 by Claude Mollet for a leading soldier of France, Louis Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne. It was bought in 1753 by the Marquise de Pompadour, who left it on her death to Louis XV. Ten years later it was being used for the same purpose as it is today, as the residence of the important State visitors of Louis XV. To pay the King's debts it was sold, but was re-acquired by Louis XVI in 1786. Napoleon gave it to his sister, Caroline Murat, in 1805; and here, from 1809, Josephine lived after her divorce. Napoleon himself was in residence after her demise. In fact, it was in the Palais de l'Elysee that he signed the 1815 abdication. In 1873 the Third Republic made it the President's official residence. Right, the splendid chandeliers in the Salle des Fêtes where the first official dinner was held



across the lawns

The entrance to the Salon Musicale which lies just off the Salle des Fêtes





A BANQUET BY CANDLELIGHT CROWNED THE GREAT DAY

ON THE EVENING of the first day of their State Visit, the Queen and Prince Philip were entertained to a State Banquet by the President, Monsieur Coty, held in the Elysee Palace. After a ten-minute speech in French, Her Majesty gave a toast to the lasting understanding and friendship between the peoples of France and Great Britain



H.M. THE QUEEN stands between M. Coty and Prince Philip during the playing of the two national anthems before the Gala Performance at the Opera

PARIS BLOSSOMED FOR THE QUEEN

JENNIFER writes of the brilliant social pageantry which accompanied the Queen's triumphant visit to France

PARIS has never looked more beautiful than on the morning that the Queen and Prince Philip arrived to stay with the French President, M. Coty, for their three-day State visit. The sun shone brilliantly from a cloudless sky, but there was a cold wind. The chestnut trees down the Champs-Elysées and other parts of the city were all in flower and the gardens full of spring flowers and flowering shrubs. The Union Jack and the French Tricolour were everywhere, from the biggest offices to the tiniest homes; there was even a Union Jack fixed high up on the Eiffel Tower!

Flowers were used profusely for décor, not only in window boxes but in many of the shops, and there were red, white and blue cinerarias in flower baskets hanging from the lamp standards up the Champs-Elysées: also red, white and blue hydrangeas were massed round the foot of at least a dozen of the fifty-two pillars of La Madeleine where Union Jacks were draped on each side of the steps. The Faubourg St. Honoré had perhaps the most beautiful décor. Here there were two arches of fresh, deep red roses right across the street outside the entrance to the Elysée Palace. On the posts holding these arches and on the other lamp standards at this end of the street were huge wire frames covered with red roses.

The shops in the Faubourg St. Honoré were enchanting, too. Outstanding among them were the windows of Messrs. Roger & Gallet, which had long tartan sun blinds lined with brilliant yellow hanging from little canopies and blowing freely in the spring wind. Inside the windows were two-foot high models of British Guardsmen in their scarlet tunics and bearskins, marching up and down as they do when on guard. These filled three or four windows, and the same amount of space on the other side of the entrance was devoted to models of French soldiers. The big store Les Printemps

had also adopted a military motif, and here you found "larger than life" sized Guardsmen displayed besides many of the windows. Down the Seine, as far as the Royal party were to go by boat, there were very fine decorations, too.

The President's greeting

After their arrival at Orly Airport in a British Viscount, the Royal couple were met by the President, also M. Mollet, the British Ambassador Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs M. Pineau, and other dignitaries. They got into two open cars and drove through the streets lined with cheering people to the Elysée Palace. I watched their arrival in the beautiful gardens of the Palace, where a guard of honour was lined up, a picturesque sight in their blue and red uniforms and scarlet plumed helmets. The Queen, a radiant figure in a beige suit and little silk beret to tone, was carrying a large bouquet of roses as she mounted the wide marble steps of the Palace accompanied by the President. Prince Philip in the full dress uniform of the Royal Air Force came just behind. They lunched quietly, quite informally, in the Palace before fulfilling a busy afternoon of engagements.

In the evening the President gave an official dinner in their honour at which he made a speech welcoming his Royal guests, and to which the Queen, speaking in fluent French, replied. The dinner was held in the magnificent Salle des Fêtes where fine tapestries hang on the walls, and the sofas are covered in petit point in a floral design. There are more than twenty superb

[Continued overleaf]

cut glass chandeliers hanging from the exquisitely painted ceiling, and candles burned in glass and silver candelabra down the long tables, on which the fine white tablecloths were embroidered in gold stars, as were the table napkins, and magnificent Sèvres china was used for the occasion.

A visit to the Opera

After this the Royal party went to the Théâtre National de l'Opéra, where they watched the performance of *Le Chevalier Et La Demoiselle* which began at 10 p.m. and ended near midnight. This, like the State dinner, was another brilliant scene.

On each side of the wide steps to the entrance of the Opéra stood about twenty mounted members of the Republican Guard, as well as a great number of unmounted members who lined the long strip of red carpet up the stairs. Inside they again lined each side of the entrance lobby and the very wide marble stairway which branched into two at the top. As the Royal Party arrived there was a fanfare from the trumpeters of the Republican Guard on the balcony of the loggia.

In a gathering of beautiful women and lovely clothes our beloved Queen once again outshone everyone present. Her poise and her very natural manner as she mounted the long stairway with the President, Monsieur Coty, under the blazing glare of arc lamps was commented on by many present. She wore her magnificent emerald and diamond tiara and emerald and diamond necklace with a cream satin crinoline heavily embroidered in gold and topaz in a floral design, across which she wore the scarlet ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Prince Philip walked with Monsieur Coty's daughter, Mme. Egloff who was in blue.

Many of the men present were wearing Court dress or full Service dress. Among these were members of the Queen's suite who included the Earl of Scarbrough, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Sir Michael Adeane, Lord Plunket in the scarlet uniform of the Irish Guards, Major-General Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones and Major Edward Ford.

The magnificent dresses

The Queen's Mistress of the Robes, Mary Duchess of Devonshire, was an outstanding figure in a turquoise blue satin dress and the magnificent Devonshire family heirloom diamond tiara. Lady Margaret Hay, also wearing a tiara, was in white. Lady Jebb, wearing Jacques Fath's glorious lime yellow satin crinoline with a stole to match and a diamond tiara, made a wonderful picture as she walked up the wide stairway in the Royal procession besides Sir Gladwyn Jebb who was in Court dress. Mme. Chauvel in ice blue satin was accompanied by the French Ambassador, the Comtesse de Crouy Chanel, who made so many friends when she was at the French Embassy in London, was in pink lace, and Mme. Rene Massigli, who was accompanied by her husband, looked as always outstandingly chic, this time in Dior's cardinal red silk coat with a long straight panel at the back over a snow white satin dress.

Others I noticed were Mme. Christian Pineau, Mme. Ayala accompanied by the Cuban Ambassador, Mme. Rais, the lovely wife of the Iranian Ambassador, who wore Balmain's white chiffon Empire dress, was with her husband. M. and Mme. Rais made many friends in London where he was Ambassador for several years. Ballerina Ludmilla Tcherina was looking very glamorous in white tulle with a diamond head-dress and necklace.

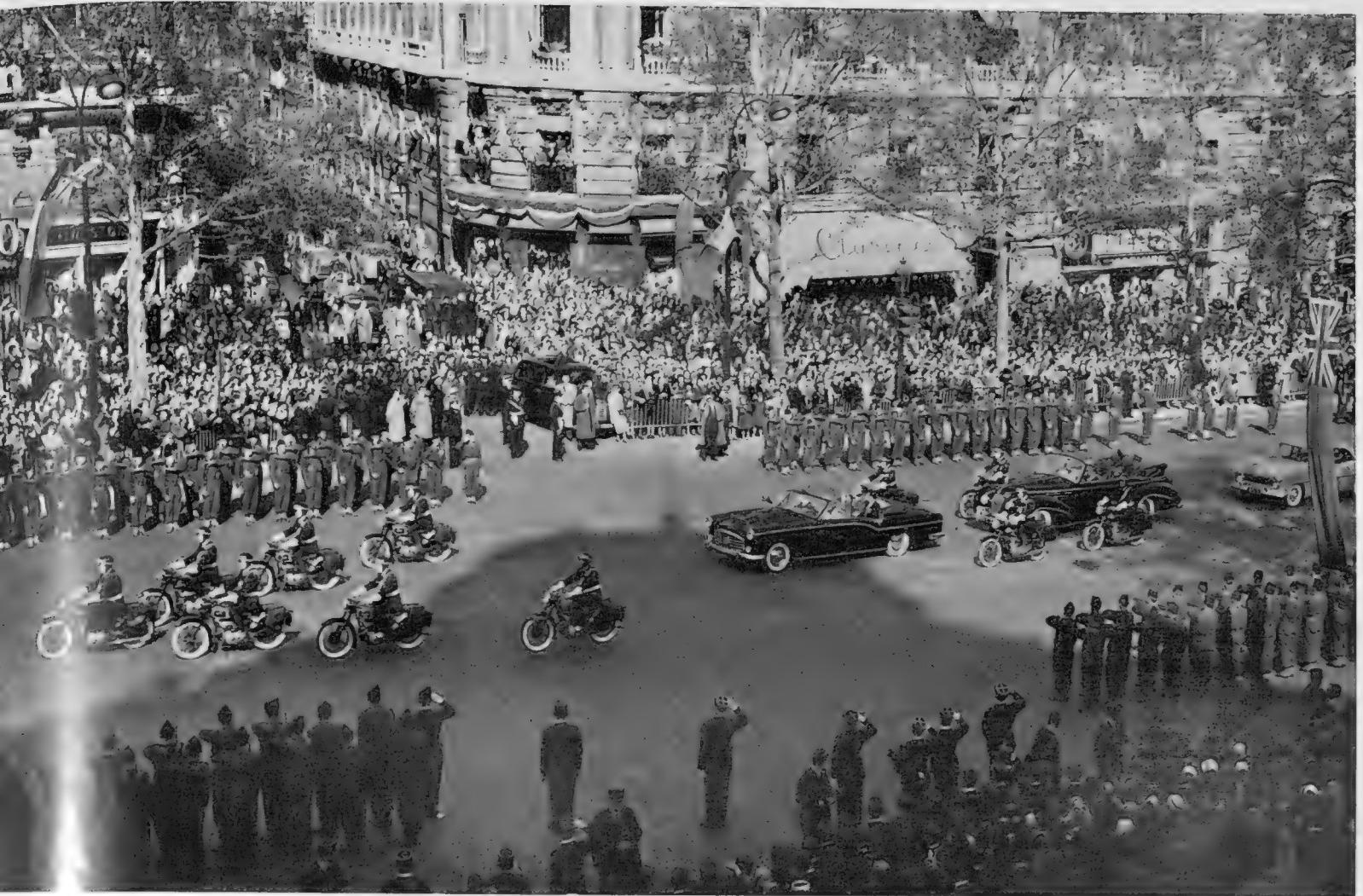
The scene on the wide marble stairway with its large and ornate galleries all round was much more spectacular than that inside the theatre, where the Queen and Prince Philip sat with the President in a flower bedecked box to watch the ballet. Here the spectacle did not compare with that of a Royal Command Performance at our own Royal Opera House where, on a great occasion like this, the fine heirloom jewels of the old families of Great Britain make one of their all-too-rare appearances and add splendour to the occasion—these were missing in Paris.

Drive to Versailles

Next day, also in brilliant sunshine, the Queen and Prince Philip again received a tremendous welcome from the people of Paris wherever they went, fulfilling a very close programme. Their day began with a visit to the Hôtel de Ville, then down the

THE QUEEN ATTENDED the first performance in the newly restored Royal Opera House at the Chateau of Versailles. Held in her honour, it was the first given there for a hundred and fifty years





IN THE BRIGHT Parisian sunshine, the trees elegantly in bud, Her Majesty drove through cheering crowds to the Arc de Triomphe

congratulated on the arrangements, which were perfect in every detail.

Here were some of the most beautiful dresses seen anywhere for many years, and many fine jewels. The Queen's two couturiers, Mr. Norman Hartnell and Mr. Hardy Amies, were both there taking a great interest. The former had designed the slim white and silver dress Her Majesty was wearing at the Embassy, and the crinoline of the night before, as well as two of the suits she had already worn by day, while Mr. Hardy Amies had designed the light blue coat and dress she wore at Versailles, the suit she wore the first afternoon and the brilliant kingfisher blue evening dress she was to wear at the banquet and reception at the Louvre on the last evening.

Guests of two nations

Among the lovely dresses, I thought the most outstanding were the Comtesse de Crouy Chanel's cleverly draped white chiffon dress, and Lanvin's gold embroidered kingfisher blue wild silk worn by the gay and very attractive Comtesse de la Poype (still perhaps better remembered as the Hon. Enid Paget) who was there with her charming husband. Mme. Massigli, who was accompanied by M. Rene Massigli, once again looked a dream wearing Christian Dior's red and white dress made with a draped red organza top and a long full white satin skirt. The very attractive Mme. Bertrand de la Haye-Jousselain wore an exquisite turquoise and white printed paper taffeta crinoline and a fine diamond and turquoise necklace. Mrs. Bobby Isaacson, whose husband is at the Embassy, looked very chic in Balmain's white satin sheath dress heavily encrusted with pearl embroidery. Mrs. John Beith, in ivory and gold net and a fine tiara, was another of the Embassy wives helping to look after the guests, as were the Hon. Mrs. Robin Johnstone, charming in white satin —her husband, who has been among those working especially hard for the Royal visit, was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour by the President.

Also present were Mrs. Michael Palliser, wife of a First Secretary

[Continued overleaf]

long drive to Versailles for luncheon in the Galerie des Glaces. This was followed by a visit to the Opéra Louis XV, a reception at the Grand Trianon and a visit to the Chamber of Commerce on their way back to the Elysée; then the trip up the river, and finally the evening reception and supper party at the British Embassy.

Nothing could have been more enjoyable than the drive out to Versailles, down beautiful straight leafy avenues, but I can tell you little of the luncheon or the afternoon events as I was given a place where the only view I had was a bird's eye one of the Royal party arriving, the Queen in an open car with the President, and Prince Philip and Mme. Georges in another open car behind. It was an impressive sight to see the party of twenty-four cars slowly approaching up the long avenue and finally coming to rest in the vast courtyard of the beautiful Palace of Versailles. The women guests for this function I noticed all wore Ascot-like clothes.

From friends who saw the river trip, which ended with a wonderful fireworks display, I heard that it was very moving. Once again the people of France showed their enthusiasm for our beloved and beautiful young Queen, and were there in their thousands to cheer her right along the river bank and from the top of every bridge. The Queen, who was wearing a long silver and white lace sheath dress, arrived at the British Embassy with Prince Philip five minutes ahead of the President. Her first move was to meet the Commonwealth representatives who were gathered in the inner hall; she then returned to the main hall to welcome the President, in whose honour the Marseillaise was played by a Hungarian refugee orchestra. The Queen, accompanied by the British Ambassador Sir Gladwyn Jebb, and Prince Philip accompanied by Lady Jebb, who looked exquisite in Jacques Fath's three tiered white tulle crinoline with red velvet bows at the back, later made a tour of the large suite of reception rooms where nearly a thousand guests were already assembled.

The British Embassy party

After numerous presentations of both French and British friends the Royal party went upstairs, where the Queen was hostess to the President and members of his suite at a small supper party. The British Embassy in Paris is one of the finest in the world and made a magnificent setting for this very dignified and glamorous party. Sir Gladwyn and Lady Jebb are to be



THE SKY BLAZED with fireworks as the Queen ended her evening voyage down the River Seine on the second day of her State visit

and daughter of M. Spaak, in a white and gold Balmain dress, Mrs. Stephen Hastings, wife of another First Secretary, Mrs. Edward Tomkins wife of the Press Secretary (she is the daughter of Lady Morvyth Benson), and Sir Gladwyn and Lady Jebb's two daughters, Vanessa, who was in red and white, and Stella, in light blue, who were also helping to see that everything went smoothly.

Sir George Young, the new Minister at the Embassy and Lady Young were there, and I saw the doyen of Commonwealth Ambassadors in Paris, Mr. Jean Daisy from Canada, and his wife; also the Nonce Apostolique H.E. M. Paul Marella in his crimson robes. From the world of culture and the arts there were the Duc and Duchesse Broglie, composer Georges Auric and his wife, Jean Cocteau, André Maurois, François Mauriac, Jean-Louis Barrault and Princess Bibesco, who wore a magnificent diamond fern in her hair and a fine parure of emeralds and diamonds. From the sphere of politics came M. and Mme. Christian Pineau, M. and Mme. Georges Bideau, M. and Mme. Eduard Daladier, M. and Mme. Edgar Faure, M. and Mme. Mendes-France and M. Pinay.

Diplomacy and the Services

There were, of course, many members of the President's family at the party, including M. and Mme. Egloff, and M. le Dr. and Mme. Georges. The French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel were present, and I met M. Lebel, who was at the London Embassy for some years, with his very pretty wife, and M. and Mme. Leroi, who went to the French Embassy in Moscow after London and are now back in Paris where he is working with N.A.T.O.

General Norstad, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, and his wife were there, also General and Mrs. Speidel, Marshal of France and Mme. Juin, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Collett, and Air Marshal Sir George and Lady Mills. In attendance on the Queen and Prince Philip I saw Mary Duchess of Devonshire, the Earl of Scarbrough, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Lady Margaret Hay, Lord Plunket, Maj.-Gen. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones meeting many old friends from the days when he was Military Attaché at this Embassy, Sir Michael Adeane and Major Edward Ford. The

French racing world was represented by M. Maurice Hennessey a senior member of the French Jockey Club, Baron and Baronne Geoffrey de Waldener, the latter very chic in turquoise blue, and Mme. Leon Volterra in a beautiful draped white chiffon dress.

To mention a few more among the large number of guests, I saw Lady Diana Duff Cooper in a pink and white floral taffeta dress, with Mr. Cecil Beaton, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes wearing magnificent emeralds and diamonds, M. and Mme. Henry Bonnett (he was formerly French Ambassador in Washington), the Comte and Comtesse Louis de Brantes, Sir Frank and Lady Roberts, Prince and Princess Jean de Caraman Chimay, M. and Mme. Jean François Clouet de Perruches—she was Irene Dur-lacher, and when she was presented to the Queen Her Majesty remembered investing her with the O.B.E. on her honeymoon last October.

Others who met the Queen

Also Comte and Comtesse de Falaise, the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, Princesse Caroline Murat whose brother Prince Napoleon was, alas, absent in the United States, the beautiful Comtesse de Bourbon Busset and her husband, the Duc and Duchesse de Noailles, the Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy, Mlle. Cecille de Rothschild, Mme. Sommier, who entertained the Queen at her lovely château Veaux le Vicomte when she visited France in 1948, the Duc and Duchess de Talleyrand, M. Charles Yturbe and his good-looking wife, Baron and Baronne Cabrol, Comtesse Victor de Lesseps, Prince and Princess Georg of Denmark, the latter in a pink crinoline caught up with pink roses on the skirt, Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, the Marquis and Marquise de Amodio, and Major Walter Lees, who will be sadly missed when he leaves this Embassy after nine years. He was invested by the Queen with the M.V.O. next morning. Also a most lovable and amusing character who was being greeted by numerous friends—M. le Chamoin-Kir, a Deputy and the Mayor of Dijon.

I, alas, had to leave Paris early next morning to get this piece to press, so missed the reception at the Louvre on the final evening of a wonderfully successful Royal Visit.

Book Reviews

NOVELISTS OF GAUL

FRANCII genius is many-sided. It can be practical: has it not raised dress and cookery to the plane of high art? From France emanates the idea that life is worth living well; with intelligence, style, care, attention to detail—no small pleasure need be too small to rate, no task too prosy to lack drama. But the national genius finds supreme release in the arts themselves: in painting, music, literature, the theatre and the cinema it has more than claimed its individual field, it has opened up an entire and splendid universe. So on this page one has most in mind, French writing.

One inclines to think of the French intellect as pre-eminently critical, analytical. But how giant is its creative side in the novel! Without those great nineteenth-century masters, Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, our view (through art) of humanity would be incomplete.

Technique, plus a gift for analysis—though not of the kind which thins down emotion—always has been a *forte* of French writing. In the twentieth-century masters, Proust, Gide, Mauriac, these qualities show their strength in a changing era. François Mauriac, by the death of the other two, is left to be France's outstanding living novelist. Yet important younger figures enter the scene: Sartre and Camus, whose Existentialist philosophy give their country's fiction fresh urge and startling direction.

FEMININE performance shows itself worthy of woman's place in Gallic civilization. Colette (the unparalleled), Simone de Beauvoir, Louise de Villemorin, and the teenage prodigy Françoise Sagan are among those who bring to the French novel individual gifts—some greater, some less.

The health, vitality and continuing promise of French fiction is shown by the constant occurrence of young, new names. Freshness of angle, originality as to subject show that though newcomers benefit by the great tradition, they are not by any means dwarfed or hypnotized by it: they have the confidence of their generation; they speak out. Four remarkable recent books now offer you:

First, **Jacob** (Collins, 16s.). The twenty-four year old author, Jean Cabriés, has been widely acclaimed in his country: and rightly. Here is a re-telling, in terms of powerful modern imagination, of the Old Testament's—I think—most extraordinary human story. M. Cabriés's interpretation is masterful: this book, though extremely long, held me spellbound. The first-rate translator is Gerard Hopkins.

MAURICE DRUON, author of **The Last Detachment** (Hart-Davis, 15s.), is also young, or at least in the younger group. His *The Film Of Memory* was reviewed in these pages some time ago. This novel of his is a heroic, inspiring picture of the stand made by a group of Saumur cadets against the over-running German Forces in the early summer of 1940. Saumur, as you no doubt know, is France's great cavalry school, and these twenty-year-olds, scions in many cases of ancient families, show "cavalry mentality" in full timeless glory.

Precocity, in literary France, has a high incidence. Mlle. Sagan is thrown, by comparison, into the sunset of years by Berthe Grimault, fourteen-year-old author of a hair-raising rural novel, **Beau Clown** (André Deutsch, 10s. 6d.). Principal characters, four escaped lunatics, four Negro soldiers in the U.S. Army, a bevy of very young ladies of easy virtue, and assorted livestock. Scene, central France. Mlle. Grimault, photographed feeding rabbits on the back of the jacket, clearly must have a future: she looks as tough as they come.

Mlle. Grimault, however, is well into middle age compared to eight-year-old Minou Drouet, whose **First Poems** reach us from Hamish Hamilton, Ltd., at 12s. 6d. The little creature, photographed clutching an overflowing armful of white poodle, was the cause—last autumn, in France—of a controversy only second to the Dreyfus case. The ins-and-outs you will find in the introduction. To my mind, an unmistakably childish vein does appear in this poetry, which is often lovely—see "I Only Had One Friend," or "My House At Le Pouliguen."

—Elizabeth Bowen



ROBERT DOISNEAU, superb photographer of the Parisian moment, has collected in "Paris Parade" (Thames and Hudson, 42s.) a wonderful variety of characters, like this truly French regalia'd usher



THIS HALF-LENGTH nude pencil study for "Stratonice" is among the seventy drawings by Ingres from the Musee Ingres, Montauban, which are being shown at the Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square



STUDIO PUBLICATIONS have added to their "How To Do It" series "Drawing The Female Figure" (25s.) by Francis Marshall. Its illustrations include (below) a Degas drawing now in the Fogg Museum of Art





Royal Paris

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

ALL the traditional elegance and splendour of the Paris scene is typified by these two ball dresses photographed on the *grand escalier* of l'Opera. On the left is Pierre Balmain's magnificent wide skirted dress in lustrous white satin. It has a high fronted bodice plunging at the back, fine shoulder straps, and is beautifully embroidered in pearls and crystals. Above: Also by Balmain, this pale blue satin dress has a tucked, draped bodice, and a very full skirt. White fox fur by the National Fur Co. Photographs by Michel Molinare



NAVY blue organza embroidered with a white motif (left). This evening dress by Castillo at Lanvin has a cut-away skirt and the bodice is low cut at the back

FITCH full-length evening coat by Bradley, worked and stranded horizontally, back dipping diagonally to form a train. Jewellery by Van Cleef & Arpels

... ON THE GRAND ESCALIER



NARROW sheath evening dress by Balmain. In oyster-coloured satin richly embroidered with diamonds and crystals, it has a high draped and folded bodice





A PORTRAIT of Marie Antoinette is the background to this cape in white mink by the National Fur Company, gloves by Pinkham. The photographs on this page were all taken amid the splendours of Versailles, part of France's royal heritage



Magnificence at the Palais de Versailles

IN THE HALL OF MIRRORS (opposite page). The evening dress by Dior in pale pink silk organza has fringed panels. The diamond jewellery was also designed by Christian Dior

EVENING COAT by Dior (right), an epitome of luxury. In oyster-coloured satin with a squared collar and wide, three-quarter length sleeves, it is cut to cover the most bouffant evening dress





THESE two photographs were taken in the lift of the Hotel Meurice. This lift, a reproduction of Marie Antoinette's sedan chair, is lushly upholstered in green, with a yellow peep window. Above: A white tulle strapless short evening dress in the shape of a powder puff by Castillo at Lanvin. Jewellery from Lanvin. Right: White chiffon grey spotted short evening dress with draped skirt and taffeta cummerbund, by Julian Rose

Romantic rendezvous in a Parisian hotel





CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

HERE is a well tailored outfit by Wetherall, ideal for racing and country life. It consists of a full-skirted dress in navy and white tiecil; it has a vee-necked bodice filled in by an interchangeable white dickey. £17 6s. 6d. The saddle stitched coat in navy baa-lamb with a casual belt costs £31 10s. Red leather saddlebag 6½ gns., matching belt, 5½ gns., silk square, 6 gns., jewelled horsehead brooch, 2 gns., off-white hat, £1 15s. 9d., and casual shoes, £5 15s. 6d.

RACING COLOURS



Photographs by John French





This French silk and wool stole has a design worked in untarnishable Lurex thread, £4 14s. 6d., at Marshall & Snelgrove

Diorissimo, a delicious scent which is typically French, costs £16 complete with spray, and can be obtained at Debenham & Freebody



THE French, with their ingrained sense of chic, have a gift for transforming everyday necessities into objets d'art. This is especially true of their accessories, gloves, scarves, bags, etc., all of which are beautifully finished and of original design. Many such accessories can be bought in London—JEAN CLELAND

Treasures from the



Original French handkerchiefs from a selection at Harrods. "Marionettes" are 7s. 6d. each, "Reverberes" are 7s. 11d., and "Appydogs," 7s. 6d.



Embroidered French kid gloves, cuff length, £4 4s.; three-quarter length, £4 7s. 6d.; both pairs are stocked by Harrods, Knightsbridge

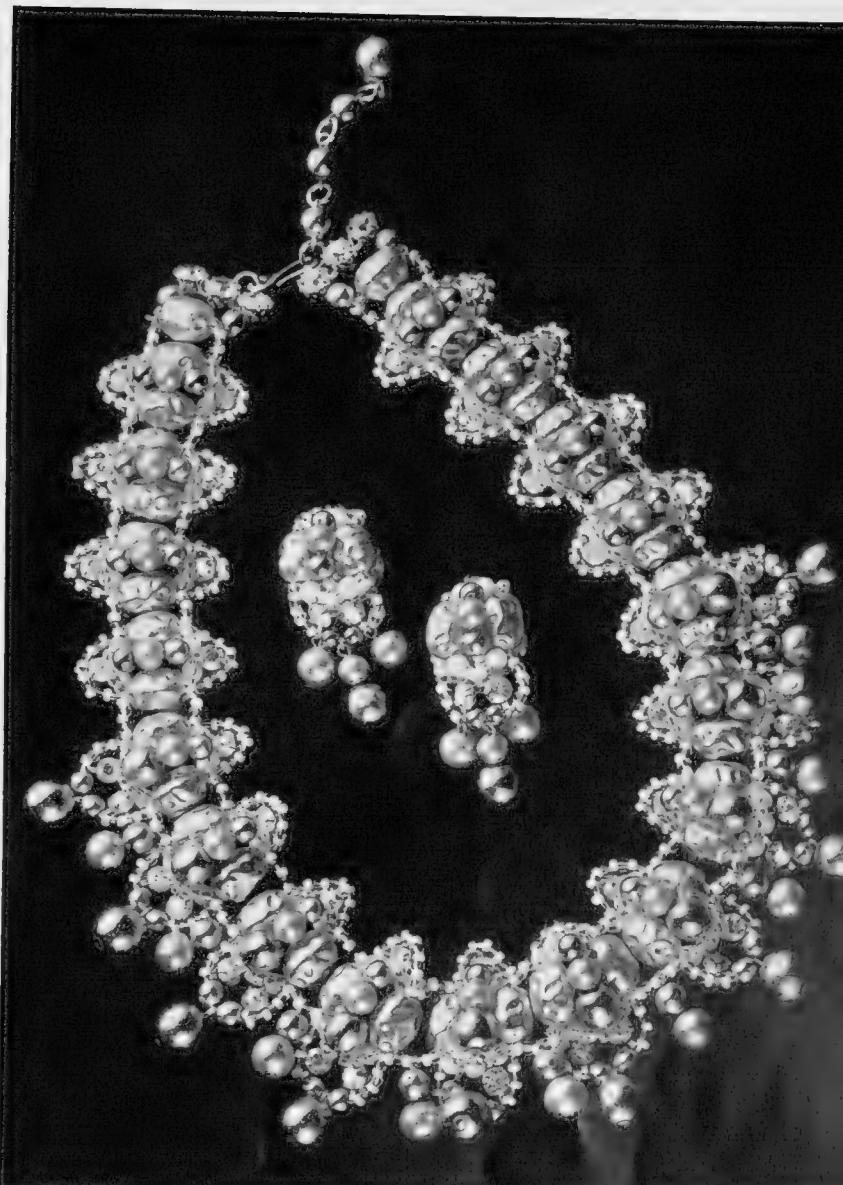


Shown open and shut,
evening bag with fitted
vanity case, in black
suede, £11 15s.; in silver
calf, £17 15s.; Finningans

Souvenirs of France

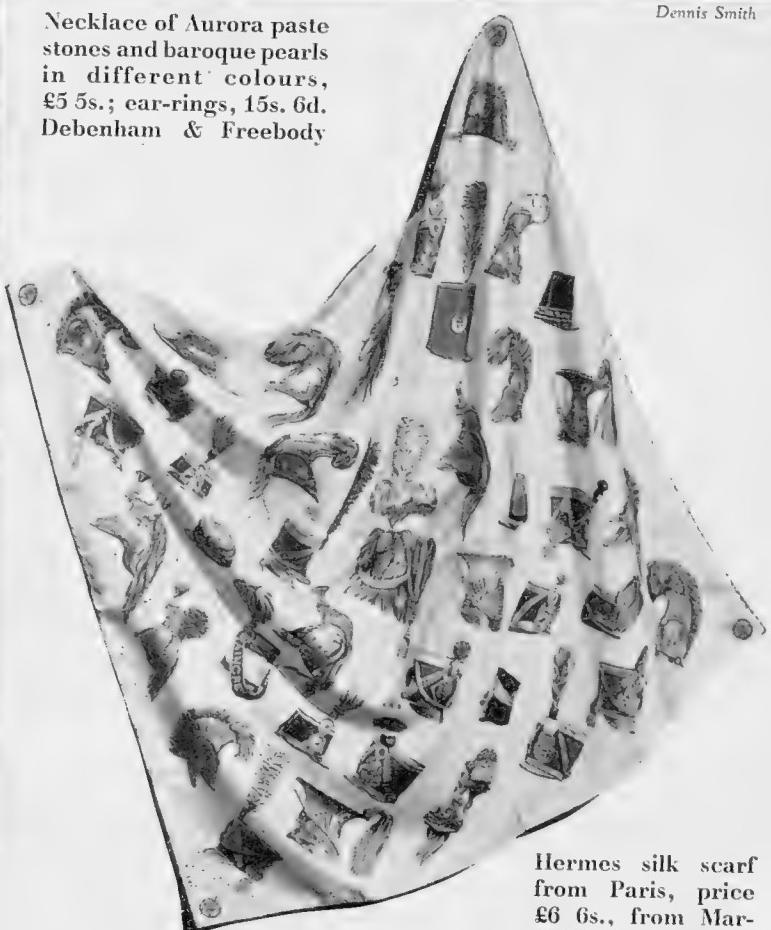


French nylon gloves, £1 3s. 6d.; shaded silk
French rose with buds and leaves, £2 19s. 6d.
Obtainable from Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford St.



Necklace of Aurora paste
stones and baroque pearls
in different colours,
£5 5s.; ear-rings, 15s. 6d.
Debenham & Freebody

Dennis Smith



Hermes silk scarf
from Paris, price
£6 6s., from Mar-
shall & Snelgrove



Beauty

From le beau pays

IN view of the Anglo-French Fortnight, which started a few days later, Raymond's choice of venue—the Café de Paris—for the "show of his life" was very apt. The whole thing was a *succès-fou*; beautiful hair styles, beautiful models, beautiful staging and presentation.

The theme of the styling was "Shangri-la," described by Raymond as a dream country, where all women are eternally young and beautiful. Special emphasis was on his two-tone colour, which, light at the top and the sides, and darker at the back, had an air of fantasy that went well with the festive setting of bright lights, music and flowers.

Outstanding features of Raymond's new Pyramidal shape—thought up when he was holidaying in the mountains—are that the styles can so easily be changed and adapted, according to the mood and the moment. At the show, he demonstrated how simply the changes can be rung. With a twist of tulle and a rose, the addition of a plaitlet, or a floral band, daytime practicability was swiftly transformed into evening enchantment. To soften the effect of a severe looking hat, cheek-waves or Shangri-la

PANDORA. With a short Albermarle cut back, this two-tone blonde style subtly highlights the side hair which is loosely waved, while the top is smooth-swept



COPPELLA. This style by Raymond has a short slightly waved back with a softly flicked fringe. The sides are long

curls were slipped in at the sides. Noting the deft way in which all this was accomplished, I said to myself: "Sure, there's magic in dem fingers."

On the Monday following Raymond's show, the French Fortnight was introduced at Woolsands, Knightsbridge, with a luncheon party that for originality would have been hard to beat. Tables spread with French newspapers, held bowls of fruit, bottles of vin rosé, all kinds of salad, and huge round Brie cheeses in prime condition. Delicious *bouillabaisse* soup was specially flown over in the morning from the Surcouf Restaurant in Marseilles, and served by waiters in striped jerseys and blue linen trousers. All very gay and Continental, and a perfect setting for the summery fashions from the Côte d'Azur which were paraded immediately afterwards. If you want to wear them with success, I would advise you to get down to the daily dozen and the salad lunch as soon as possible.

What went on in Paris before and during the Queen's visit? Three famous beauty houses, with salons in Paris as well as in this country, sent me news of it. I was interested to hear from Elizabeth Arden's that black was almost banished, and that all the loveliest pastel colours were well to the fore. This meant that the beauty salons were intensely busy giving the lightest possible make-ups, as soft and transparent as possible.

THE styles in the hairdressing salons were arranged to make the heads look small and gracious. In the evening the hair was swept up to give height and dignity, and allow for the wearing of jewels and tiaras.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer said: "Paris certainly went gay to greet the Queen." Their salon widows in the faubourg St. Honoré featured pictures of Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and Queen Elizabeth II. Round each picture were displayed fashion accessories appropriate to the period.

Lancôme of Paris wrote charmingly of the Royal visit. "French women," they said, "showed their admiration for the Queen by doing their best to achieve what they call the 'Reine d'Angleterre' skin." Fragile and transparent, this became the rage of Paris, and is likely to remain so for some time to come. Lancôme experts were busy for weeks beforehand, devising special make-up to achieve this effect as nearly as possible and, because the emphasis was on powder, Lancôme launched eight new colours for the occasion. Charming results were obtained with the use of two powders—first a muted neutral shade such as "Grege Rose" under a pale translucent "Conequette" powder in a natural shade.

The general feeling of the French people was charmingly summed up in one of the letters, which said: "All this goes to prove that the whole of Paris was in love with the Queen."

—Jean Cleland



PSYCHE. A Brompton cut—a slightly longer back with a broken wave movement—is an important feature of this style which has a high front and long loosely curled side sweeps

N° 22 - BOIS DES ILES - CUIR DE RUSSIE - GARDÉNIA



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

MRS. E. N. GRAHAM'S *Tempest*, which it is thought probable will run in the Blue Riband Trial at Epsom, is trained by Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, seen here before the start at Kempton



Racing

by

Ormonde

PREPARING FOR THE "CLASSIC" CLASS

Now approaches for racegoers and three-year-old racehorses alike the brief, illusory, and occasionally illuminating, season of the "classic" trials. We have already watched Lord Rosebery's Copenhagen canter away with the Union Jack Stakes, and digested somewhat doubtfully the value of Greenham Stakes and Fred Darling Stakes form at Newbury.

These have to be equated against the result of the Craven Stakes at Newmarket. And now come the tests round Kempton's hook-shaped mile, and the Blue Riband Trial at Epsom.

Let it be said, at the outset, that the Kempton and Epsom spring races can fool even the keenest observer. Remember, for instance, the deceptive Kempton failure of Our Babu. Perhaps one of Kempton's most intriguing features will be to follow the fortune attending two Irish three-year-olds bent on a scouting mission—Lady Margaret Van Cutsem's Refined and Major "Nicko" Collins's Super Snipe. Both are trained on the Curragh by Paddy Prendergast, who has planned a big English season.

Refined, winner of the "Fifteen Hundred" at Phoenix Park last September, was on her trainer's Christmas card. Her companion is Lady Honor Svejdar's Angelet ("1,000" and Oaks).

Is it an advantage for an owner to ride her horses at exercise? If so, certainly Lady Margaret Van Cutsem has a pull over most of her fellows. A commuter between her Exning home, just outside Newmarket, and Leicestershire this last winter, she was riding to hounds three days a week. And now, with the end of the hunting season, she rides exercise with Jack Leach's string, the majority of whom are owned by Bernard van Cutsem, her husband. And one of these is the two-year-old chestnut Nearco colt called Pleiades, bought last September from Sir Richard Sykes's Sledmere contingent.

REFINED has no English classic engagements. Super Snipe, in for the colts' Classic Trial, is only in our St. Leger. These two horses will serve to reveal the scope of the Irish challenge for our major events this coming season.

Kempton, rapidly becoming the most popular of all near-London racecourses, has been in control of the Hyde family for eighty-seven years. The present secretary, Henry Hyde, is the grandson of Kempton's founder, and he has been instrumental in effecting many improvements since the barbed wire was removed from this p.o.w. camp at the end of hostilities.

Owing to the unusual proximity of racing dates between the Newbury Spring Cup, the Rosebery Stakes and the City and Suburban Handicap at Epsom, it is difficult to forecast running plans. Don't lose sight, though, of Lord Rosebery's Martha, if declared a probable for Kempton or Epsom. Lord Rosebery, appropriately, won the first running of the Handicap named after him, with Huron in 1932, and his primrose-and-rose colours have also been carried by Paradiso and Fastnet Rock.

THAT popular old stayer Gudmenarmist also holds two adjoining engagements—the Queen's Prize at Kempton on Easter Monday, and Epsom's Great Metropolitan on the following day. If going for the second event, he would be opposed by another Epsomite in Pompeienne whose trainer, Ron Smyth, is convinced that she is a true stayer, and not a mere miler.

Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort usually has a fancied runner for the two big three-year-old stakes—The Blue Riband Trial and the Princess Elizabeth—at this Epsom Spring meeting. Tempest, running in the Blue Riband probably, I'm told, and Doutelle are the best of his colts, and the American-bred Pilgrim's Cloak and The Queen's Almeria are two three-year-old fillies to note.

Owners and trainers of classically engaged horses go to great lengths to plot the preliminary races. No wonder, therefore, that Noel Cannon's telephone was so busy early this month. No one seemed anxious to take on Sarcelle, the champion two-year-old of 1956 which he trains for Mr. Keith Mason, and for which the Australian crack rider, Jack Purtell, has been specially imported.

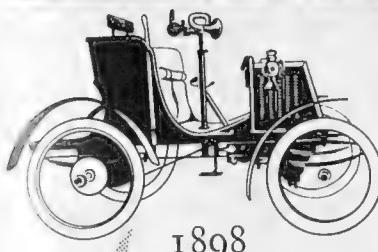


Mr. Bernard Van Cutsem and Lady Margaret Van Cutsem at the Newmarket Sales

Australian jockey Jack Purtell, who will ride Sarcelle, with the trainer Noel Cannon



The Renault headquarters at Billancourt near Paris.



1898



*The leader of the
French Automobile Industry*

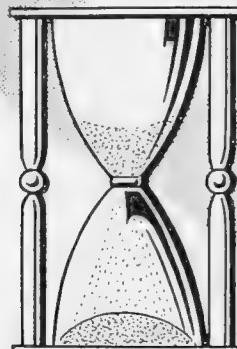
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A panoramic aerial view of the Renault factory at Flins, which is the most modern in Europe.



1957



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guarantee

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Yevonde

Miss Caroline Blackett, daughter of Major and Mrs. Blackett, of Halton Castle, Corbridge, is to marry Capt. Warren Fenwicke-Clenell, 11th Hussars, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. E. Fenwicke-Clenell, of Eland Hall, Ponteland



Bryan—Stacpoole. The wedding took place at the Church of the Holy Cross, Nicosia, Cyprus, of Lt. Michael Peter Harvest Bryan, R.N., and Miss Diana Mary Stacpoole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stacpoole, of Police H.Q., Larnaca, and St. John's Hill, Shaftesbury, Somerset

THEY ARE ENGAGED

Miss Serena Margaret Mounsey, daughter of Mr. Charles Mounsey, of Yaxley Hall, Eye, Suffolk, and Mrs. K. Sangster, of Tilford, is to marry Mr. Jack Gore, only son of the late Mr. C. Gore and of Lady Barbara Gore, of Smith Terrace, Chelsea, S.W.3



Dorothy Wilding

Miss Jane Howard Humphris, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Howard Humphris, of King St., King's Lynn, Norfolk, is engaged to Mr. Richard Hillersdon Bulteel, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bulteel, of Charlestown, St. Austell



Pearl Freeman

Miss Bronwen Elaine Lloyd, younger daughter of Air/Cdr. and Mrs. I. T. Lloyd, of Porchester Terrace, W.2, has become engaged to Lt. Michael Henry Everett, R.N., eldest son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. D. H. Everett, of Gillinghams, Milford-on-Sea



Yevonde

RECENTLY MARRIED



de Winton—Bleasdale. Lt. John Francis de Winton, R.N., elder son of Capt. and Mrs. F. S. W. de Winton, of Clarendon, Kingsway, Craigievar, Sussex, married Miss Joan Marigold Bleasdale, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bleasdale, of Maridah, Lee-on-Solent, Hants, at St. Faith's, Lee-on-Solent



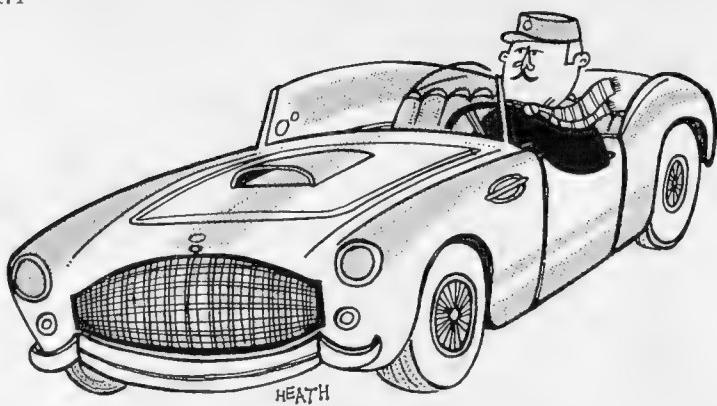
Lovell—Taylor Marsh. Capt. John Anthony Francis Lovell, R.M., only son of the late Mr. Anthony Lovell and of Mrs. P. Lucas, of Coulsdon, Surrey, married Miss Jane Margaret Taylor Marsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Taylor Marsh, of North Gate, Regent's Park, at St. Columba's, S.W.1



Curtis—Whittaker. Mr. John Humphrey Curtis, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Curtis, of Fallibroome, Prestbury, who recently married Miss Ann Shirley Whittaker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Holland Whittaker, of The Hough, Wilmslow, Cheshire, at St. Philip's, Alderley Edge



Walden—Newton. Mr. Michael R. T. Walden, son of the late Mr. H. R. Walden and Mrs. Walden, of Angmering, Sussex, married Miss Mary Newton, daughter of Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. J. B. Newton, of Hartley, Plymouth, Devonshire, at St. Mary-The-Boltons, London



RENAULT DAUPHINE, unveiled in the closest secrecy in Corsica a year ago, is a popular four-seater, four-cylinder rear-engined car



DYNA PANHARD is unusual in having a twin-cylinder engine for a six-seater saloon. It is front-engined, front-driven and air-cooled



203 C PEUGEOT is four-cylindred and water-cooled. It has a four-speed gearbox, fully synchromeshed with direct drive on third and overdrive on fourth

Motoring

SOME FRENCH CARS

THIS week the eyes of all of us are turned to Paris, so I cannot do better than consider a few French cars.

Weighing my words and in full readiness for the counterblast of my correspondents, I call the Citroën DS19 the "best" car in the world. My reason for attaching to it this unqualified superlative is that it has emerged from a closely concatenated process of reasoning and that it is the first fully integrated modern car.

Let us look at the basic configuration. It has a front engine and front drive. Now whatever the advantage of a front engine and rear drive, the arrangement is no more logical than a rear engine and front drive. No good reason has ever been adduced for placing the power unit at the greatest possible distance from the point where the power must be applied. The long propeller shaft, with its resonance and vibration problems and its claim on body space and floor line height, is a concession to convention.

LOOK too at the power supply system for the car's services. It is all hydraulic. The Citroën does not use hydraulic power for this, pneumatic power for that and electrical power for the other. It powers its brakes, its steering, its suspension, its transmission from a hydraulic pump. There are many other points which support my contention. In fact I am critical only of the fact that this model has an engine alimented by carburetor and not by fuel injection. Injection is, I think, the more promising system for the future.

This French car is not the only one which is distinguished by the logic of its engineering. The Renault Dauphine, for instance, again sustains my argument about the unnecessary obtrusiveness of the long propeller shaft. It has a rear engine and rear drive—as logical as front engine and front drive. Renault has been a name to conjure with since the early days of motoring and its present products are in the tradition.

I have not yet tried the Dauphine, but I am satisfied that the reports of remarkable economy are correct. And there is no doubt about the roominess which is given by the body (again partly because there is no long propeller shaft) or about the good sense of the specification. The Dauphine has a small turning circle. It can be had with two-pedal control for an additional cost. At under £800, inclusive of tax, this car is a fine piece of work.

IT was entertaining, by the way, when two great French manufacturers engaged in a sort of advertising competition, one to show the advantages of rear drive, the other to show the advantages of front drive. The rear drive enthusiast pointed to the example of nature, where the fastest accelerating and running animals apply all the power to the rear legs and use the front for direction.

I am not going to be drawn into that argument and content myself by repeating that, if there is rear drive, there should, in logic, be a rear engine and, if there is front drive, there should—again in logic—be a front engine.

Now I turn to another attractive French car, also by a pioneer company, the Dyna Panhard. This has front drive and front engine and it is air cooled. The twin cylinder engine is worth hours of study. It has torsion bar valve springs. The work that can be got out of that small engine is astonishing. The car will take six people and has a high top speed and a low fuel consumption. And none can deny the attractions of air cooling.

It is the desire of multitudes of motorists to get rid of the radiator and so have one fewer level to check and one fewer major component to go wrong. In the Panhard, too, the interior heating comes on more quickly than when there is a cooling liquid to be heated before the temperature control will work.

It is a great pity that it is not possible to buy a Panhard in England with right-hand drive.

—Oliver Stewart



make way for the delightful...



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Ivon de Wynter

JOSEPH BARNETT of the Boulestin Restaurant, Southampton Street, trained at the Savoy. From there he went to Frascati's and then to Rome and Italy. For twenty-six years he was at the Cafe Royal. He is here considering the menu of his recent Brillat Savarin dinner, to honour the memory of the great gourmet

DINING OUT

Fit for a Queen

HERE I am pottering about France, for which I have a great affection, and, to the delight of all the French people I have met, Her Majesty the Queen is in Paris.

It was a coincidence that I found myself at the Hotel Foch in Rheims discussing her visit with the proprietor, my old friend Louis Gauthier, who told me he had the privilege of serving her parents when Their Majesties "Le Roi George VI et La Reine Elizabeth" paid a visit to Paris in 1938.

Doubtless the Royal couple will have some wonderful food and some fine wines, but it will have to be exceptional in 1957 to surpass the farewell dinner which was given at the Quai D'Orsay on Jeudi 21 Juillet 1938, the menu of which M. Gauthier guards like a rare diamond. Here it is:

- Melon des Charentes Frappé
- Tortue Claire
- Truite Saumonée au Champagne
- Cassolettes de Queue d'Ecrevisses
- Poularde à la Broche Garnie d'Ortolans
- Petits Pois à la Française
- Fois Gras aux Truffes de Périgord
- Salade de Laitue
- Fonds d'Artichauts au Parmesan
- Glacé Vendôme
- Corbeille de Fruits

The Wines

- Sherry Tia Blanca Demoiselle Montrachet 1921
- Chateau Lafite 1924
- Champagne Veuve-Clicquot 1928
- Rare Old Port 1875
- Grande Fine Champagne 1848

I WAS again reminded of the visit of the Queen and Prince Philip to Paris when I turned up at the Hotel Les Charmettes at Barbizon in the Forest of Fontainebleau, a famous rendezvous for artists; in fact, all the world's well-known painters seem to have worked there at one time or another.

On the side of the Hotel is a plaque announcing that "La Princess Elizabeth et le Prince Philip" had honoured them by lunching there on May 17, 1948.

What they could do is to put up another plaque announcing that on May 15, 1954, I. Bickerstaff fell down into the dark depths of their cellar, which is exactly what I did.

From Barbizon to Beaune to the Hotel de la Poste, which is smart, up to date, and excellent in every way, especially if you take the precaution of having your bedroom at the back of the hotel as opposed to the front, which faces the main road. The food is first-class and the Wine List magnificent.

I asked if it would be possible to have a word with the chef before dinner as I wanted to discuss some of the local specialities, and was told that he would join me in the bar for a drink. I thought the proprietor of the hotel might think this a bit peculiar, until the chef arrived in full regalia, Marc Chevillot in person, who is the proprietor of the hotel.

I had met him in London two weeks previously, and had not the slightest idea that he was a *maitre chef* in his own right. Well he might be, because I discovered that a considerable part of his training had been under the famous Monsieur Point of the Pyramide at Vienna, frequently referred to as the greatest restaurant in the world.

—I Bickerstaff



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WEEKENDS AT WORTNY

It is really fairly essential to get asked to Welbroke-Cortenáy (pronounced "Wortny") because not only do the people there have the most tremendous taste, but also everything is absolutely bang period—not just period of course but an actual period with a date which is practically almost even a day of the month. So DO NOT TOUCH.

One or two snags of course. It is no bad idea to slip into your bag a tin of pressed beef: because the kitchens (1485) are only suitable for the preparation of larks' tongues, lampreys, boars' heads and oxen roasted whole—articles which the Co-op, to the apologetic annoyance of your hosts, are not invariably able to supply.

Bring own hot water bottles, because they hadn't been invented by any date which could possibly be admitted as a proper kind of date here. Similarly of course there are no ping pong tables, radio sets or bridge markers. No corkscrews, and the soap in the bathroom certainly is not of the modern kind. And DO NOT TOUCH.

Of course one can always sit, as long as one sits down very slowly indeed. It is perhaps worth pointing out that it is a good thing not to sit where one might think one was supposed to sit but only somewhere else in a rather bad light round the corner. And DO NOT TOUCH.

Of course it is rather wonderful to be able to choose the date of the room you sleep in. I always select the one with the bed you are actually able to use. This guest's maid's bedroom is 1788 marred by the restoration in 1789 of a chip out of the nose of the cherub supporting the mirror which was knocked off by an American Secession scent bottle thrown in a Georgian quarrel between a Bastille period husband and wife. So DO NOT TOUCH.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him



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DINING IN

Over the holiday

CATERING for a long weekend can be fun or, equally, quite a chore—unless we plan like an expert. The easy way, of course, is to have a large joint of beef or lamb, cut slices from it hot, then cold, then, finally, turn the remainder into as good a dish as a good Shepherd's Pie can be.

But, these days of delight in cooking, most of us want to do a little more than that. I would certainly be all for a roast leg of young lamb with mint sauce for those who like it. (I don't.) With it, serve baked potatoes, first par-boiled so that, instead of having hard and somewhat soapy interiors, they are soft inside their gentle outer crust. Better, however, let the potatoes be tiny new ones, the size of marbles, rolled in butter and sprinkled with chopped chives. And peas—yes, quick-frozen ones, because any new ones will really be much older by the time they reach us from far-off places.

Here is a tip on quick-frozen peas: Drop them into boiling water, as directed. Let the water come to the boil again, but do not boil the peas. They will then much more resemble really fresh peas than most of those we buy in pods.

INSTEAD of the usual "plain boiled ham," I suggest that you buy a piece of small back bacon, 3 to 4 lb. in weight. Soak it for a few hours, then brush it. Cover with cold water, bring to the boil, then gently simmer it, allowing twenty minutes to the pound and twenty minutes over. Peel off the rind. Cut shallow lines on the fat surface to form "diamonds." Spike a whole clove into each.

Place the bacon in the roasting tin. Make a mixture of a teaspoon of dry mustard and three tablespoons of soft brown sugar. Sprinkle this over the fat surface. Pour a good cup of cider into the tin and bake at 400 deg. F. or gas mark 6 until the sugar forms a crust. Gently dribble some of the juice from the pan over it so as to moisten but not damage the surface.

This is a delicious hot dish, but even better when served cold with salad.

Quiche Lorraine for Sunday's supper? Lightly grill four to five halved rashers of thin streaky bacon. Line an 8- to 8½-in. flan tin (or ring on a baking sheet) with short crust or puff pastry. Have ready four to five thin slices of Gruyère cheese. Arrange them and the bacon, alternately and overlapping, on the bottom of the pastry. Beat together three eggs and half pint milk, just enough to combine them. Add a pinch of nutmeg and pepper and salt to taste (remembering the bacon and the cheese). Strain into the flan, then bake for thirty-five to forty minutes in a moderate oven (375 to 400 deg. F. or gas mark 5 to 6).

This is wonderful served hot—almost better when just warm—but many prefer to have it cold with salad.

JUST now, there are plenty of roundish thick aubergines. Two of them make a generous course for a light meal for four. This past week, I made the following dish: Cut two aubergines, lengthwise, in half. Cut deeply, criss-cross, into the flesh but without cutting the skin. Place, cut sides downwards, in a little butter and olive oil, and cook gently until the flesh is softened a little. Remove it.

In the same pan, gently fry a chopped onion, a finely chopped clove of garlic and the chopped stems from 2 oz. of mushrooms. Add three chopped cooked Toulouse sausages (or four good home ones), the chopped pulp from the aubergines, half teaspoon tomato purée blended with a tablespoon water and a tablespoon of stock or water (not more). No breadcrumbs.

Place the aubergine shells on a buttered heat-proof platter, fill them with the rich mélange, piling it high, sprinkle generously with grated dry cheese and brown under the grill.

—Helen Burke



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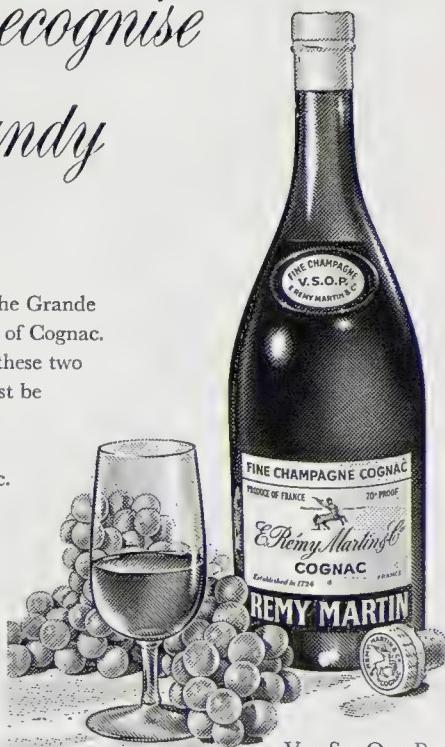
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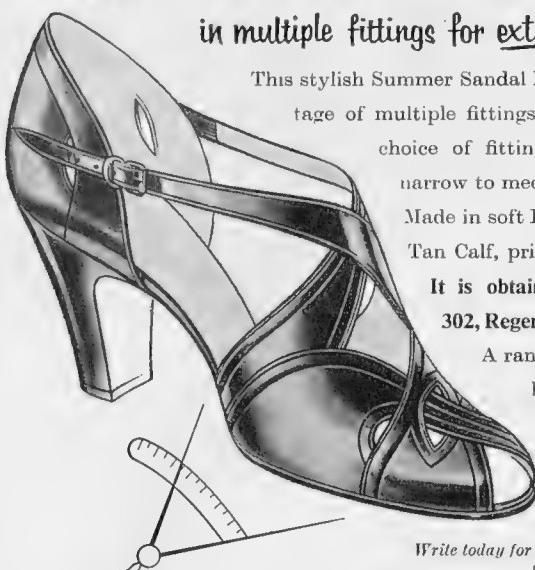
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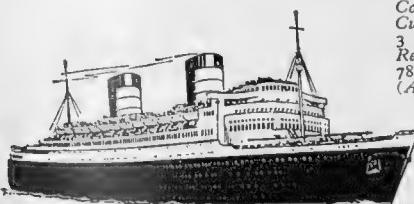
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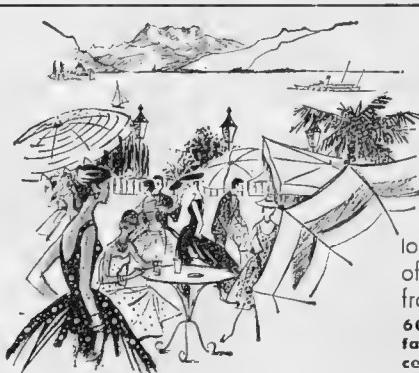
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